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# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Yet another week of noble achievement in Picardy! Ten days ago the very superior critics of war believed that the Franco-British offensive had shot its bolt; a necessary lull in the gradual advance enabled them to show, with their usual confidence, the ease with which they flounder into wrong deductions. Since then they have cut a ridiculous figure, for the resumed advance on the Somme, which began on 3 September, has had results equal in strategic importance to those of two months ago. In the first day of this new movement our Allies, north of the river, drove the enemy from the villages of Le Forest and Cléry, and south of the river, along a front of twelve miles, extending from Barleux to the neighbourhood south of Chaulnes, they opened with rapid success a new adventure, taking 2,700 prisoners and preparing the way for much later progress. The Germans have multiplied their counter-attacks at many points of this new front, notably to the south-west of Barleux and to the south-east and south of Belloy, but have done no more than add great losses of men to big losses of territory. The greater part of Berny-en-Santerre has been taken from them, like the northern part of Vermand-Ouvillers, and Chaulnes is threatened seriously, for the French first line has reached the outskirts. But the main point of all is the fact that the fighting south of the Somme has become as important as the northern part of the battle-line.

If the Germans were disturbed by the glorious impetuosity of the French, they were troubled even more by the stern and swift fury of the British troops, who achieved in half an hour a truly wonderful feat, clearing and seizing Guillemont, the strongest position on the Somme front. Guillemont and Ginchy, with neighbouring strong points, have been so much valued by the enemy that a recent German order drew urgent attention to their importance, declaring that they must be held till the British had to advance over heaps of German corpses. In order to frustrate an attack, vast

numbers of gas shells were poured into the British trenches, and no fewer than five German divisions were kept in readiness, besides troops of the Prussian Guard. Yet our men rushed home to their objectives, passing beyond Guillemont, winning a part of Ginchy, and penetrating to an average depth of 800 yards along a front of a mile and two-thirds. Meantime, south of Thiepval, progress was made near Mouquet Farm. These successes were recorded so quietly on Monday in the official news that the public at first was unimpressed.

Though defeated, the Germans were not beaten, and soon they became active in fierce counter-attacks, which had no effect at all on our new position beyond Guillemont. By Tuesday the whole of their second line was captured from Mouquet Farm to our point of junction with the French. Our troops gained more ground east of Guillemont and broke through a powerful system of defence on a front of 1,000 yards in and around Falfemont. To-day they are within 800 yards of Combles. Paris is delighted, and with equal pleasure reviews events on her heroic rivers—the Somme and the Meuse. Last week-end the enemy made another vast effort at Verdun against the eastern defences at Vaux-Chapitre, and once again he was foiled by the French barrier fire. Our Allies made new gains north of Fleury. Fighting continues, and the latest news shows an excellent advance, the French having captured 1,500 yards of trenches on the Vaux-Chapitre and Chenois front.

Along the Italian front there is no important change; but constant pressure on the Austrian troops enables Italy to play her part in the battle of Europe, particularly now that the Austro-Germans need reinforcements to meet the Roumanians, whose minor actions within the Transylvanian frontier provoke increased unrest. On Monday, after a week's march southward through the Dobrudja, the Russian Danube Army met the Bulgarians in a small combat of cavalry patrols. German and Bulgarian forces in the Dobrudja claim to have taken the town of Dobritch.

We fear the Roumanian Army has had a severe reverse in the west of the Dobrudja and has had to abandon Tutrakan, which was stormed by the German and Bulgarian forces. This is the first success the enemy has had for some time—and the first Roumanian set-back—and he is, of course, elate over figures. But his claim that 20,000 men and over 400 officers have been captured is questionable. Except as regards the Western Front—where the British and French Armies really have made great captures during the battle of the Somme, and where the figures are *not* like the weights of trout and salmon—we prefer, as a rule, to take our lists or "hauls" of prisoners with a pinch of salt. There is a limit to the taking of prisoners by the ten and hundred thousand, though not, perhaps, a limit in print. Perhaps it would be a wise plan to decimate the number of Austrian and other prisoners; or, as decimate—as we know to our cost—is a dangerous word, involving considerable mathematical speculation, one might with advantage take off, say, a third or two-thirds. Even "a large number of prisoners and guns" might serve in cases where the nature of the fighting is obscure, and it is conceivable that many civilian fugitives get mixed up with the military.

Great activity on the Russian front extends for two hundred miles, and German troops, as far south as the Carpathians, are trying to put heart into the Austro-Hungarians. General Brusiloff's troops have been very busy on the Zlota-Lipa front in Galicia, capturing a great many men and adding constantly to their prestige. Their new positions are about seven miles east of Halicz, and this great bridgehead, the most important on the Dniester, is under Russian fire and in flames. In the Carpathians several heights have been captured in the Jablonica Pass region, south of Wozonienko, and the enemy has been driven from fortified posts both in Southern Bukovina and south of Rafailowa, north-west of the Jablonica Pass. The advance continues steadily. On the Stokhod, in the sector south-west of Tobol, about forty miles north-east of Kovel, our Allies have repulsed several German attacks. As for the Lutsk front, very fierce fighting has taken place in the direction of Vladimir-Volynsk, seemingly with indecisive results.

In East Africa the Germans are being hotly pursued and are unable to offer a solid resistance in the Uluguru Mountains, about 100 miles from the coast. West of these our mounted forces have captured many small parties of the enemy; the coast to the east is held by a force now approaching Dar-es-Salaam, and co-operating with our Navy. On the north of the mountains General Deventer is moving down from Kilossa, and General Northey is moving eastwards to meet him in Mahenge. When their forces, which are approaching each other, are combined, the enemy will have to retire farther south, where there is no such favourable position for a stand as the Uluguru Mountains afford.

The latest Zeppelin raid, which took place early on Sunday morning, was a huge failure. No fewer than thirteen airships were employed, but nowhere, except in the German accounts, did they meet with any marked success. Two persons were killed, no military damage was done, and the loss of other property was slight. The raiders were evidently disconcerted by the want of light, and, says the official report, "instead of steering a steady course, as in the raids of the spring and last autumn, groped about in the darkness, looking for a safe approach to their objectives".

Of the three airships that were able to get near the outskirts of London, two were driven off, and the third, heavily engaged by anti-aircraft guns and aeroplanes, was set on fire in the air and reached the ground at Cuffley, near Enfield, a mass of wrecked,

still burning materials, including sixteen charred bodies. It had been widely asserted that the descent of a Zeppelin would blow up everything in a large area; but the occupants evidently threw out their bombs before the airship came near the ground, and the descent caused no damage or loss whatever.

The destruction was accomplished single-handed by Lieut. William Leefe Robinson, of the Royal Flying Corps, who has been awarded the Victoria Cross for his very glorious feat. Only twenty-one, he was flying as an observer last year in France, and was wounded in the right arm. He came home, learnt to fly at Farnborough, and quickly became experienced in night work. He had already been two hours in the air and had attacked another Zeppelin when he settled the fate of his gigantic foe, and equalled the achievement of Lieut. Warnford. There were other aeroplanes up on a similar quest, indifferent to danger. The prodigious blaze of the burning airship was seen at a distance of many miles round.

The military authorities were absolutely right—and absolutely within their rights—in giving the crew of the Zeppelin a military funeral on Wednesday; and the attempt made early in the week to prevent it by clamour argued a want of dignity, as well as a want of Christian charity. The War Office really should be allowed to manage what are essentially and particularly its own affairs.

Besides, a sense of gratitude should, we think, forbid the London public, at any rate, from trying to cross the War Office and the R.F.C. in a little matter like this. By highest skill and valour the Zeppelin was destroyed before it could destroy Londoners: surely the Army should therefore be suffered gratefully to take its own course in regard to the dead crew.

While we rejoice in the glory of the latest V.C., we should not fail to consider the significance of the whole raid and its predecessors. The actual loss of life on the side of the Germans was greater than on ours, and their losses in material may well also be greater. We can no longer be called defenceless against these attacks, which are both murderous and meaningless, and, we may add, increasingly futile. They differ from our raids on German factories and war establishments. Zeppelins have had none of the desired effect on the English people as mere exponents of "frightfulness", and experience shows that this is the only purpose they serve. Their importance, in fact, has been vastly over-rated. They could not, in any circumstances, invade the country, as a hostile fleet would do, and their best use is as scouts for such a fleet. That section of the public which does little thinking and enjoys itself in souvenir-hunting has been filled with wild ideas and wilder prognostications of what Zeppelins can do. It has been the prey of agitators and exaggerators. After the object-lesson of Sunday it will, we hope, exercise more common sense. The Western front and its needs in the way of guns and ammunition must claim our first consideration.

England would hardly be England if the Trades Union Congress did not meet in September to arrange the future evolution of man; and the Trades Union Congress would certainly not be the Trades Union Congress if it did not correct militarism, and make an end of war. But all is right with England and the Congress, for at Birmingham on Monday the latter, as usual, started off. The customary six to seven hundred delegates represented the customary two to three million union members. One turned to the report of the opening proceedings and soon discovered all that one had confidently anticipated. After the inevitable allusions to five million volunteers, free men, sir, one and all of them, who were under no sort or suspicion of pressure or persuasion—except of the most peaceful character—out came our familiar

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friend, the war to end war theory. We may style her the old grey mare. In the early days of the war who was not familiar with her? She was trotted out by almost every pacifist and "intellectual" Socialist who consented to go at all into the war. Of late she has had a rest in stable, but Mr. Gosling, the chairman of the Congress, led her proudly out and gingered her up, amid—we doubt not—the usual cheers.

But, of course, as in duty bound, several delegates, before the Congress scattered, brought out the dear old bogey of Conscription with the very biggest C they could attach to it. They scolded this base, bad militarist thing, and abolished it completely after the war, Mr. Thomas threatening its life, if not with railway shares, as the Snark's was threatened in Lewis Carroll's book, at least with a general industrial strike, sir. Then they fired a grand volley at Conscription, compulsion, militarism, obligatory military service, national service, call it what you will; and it fell dead in the trenches at Birmingham, pierced by the bullets of, we believe we are right in saying, something like 1,700,000 trade union rifles. So in future masters shall be compelled all round, and mistresses all round. All capitalists and Governments shall be compelled. Compulsory pensions, compulsory meals, compulsory education, compulsory holidays, and, presumably, at the end of our compulsory earth a compulsory heaven must be arranged for our trade union heroes who stay at home. But when it comes to defending one's country, then no more compulsion. Liberty is the thing there. However, this little matter may be considered later. Our own idea has long been that the right system in peace time is one such as our manly and splendid compatriots in Australia and New Zealand have established. There is a great deal to be said in favour of the sane and moderate plan in this connection which Colonel Cregan advocated last year in his able paper in "The Nineteenth Century and After".

However, after these windy preliminaries, we are glad to say the Congress got to real business, and, on the whole, the speeches were reasonable enough and thoroughly patriotic. A proposal that the suggestion of an American labour leader, Mr. Gompers, should be acted on—namely, that British labour should meet the German Socialists in congress—was thrown out decidedly. The delegates decided to have nothing to say to German Socialists until the last German soldier has been cleared out of Belgium and France. That is right and reasonable. But may we ask why poor Poland was apparently omitted in this connection? The claim of the Congress that labour should be on an improved status after the war was a very natural one. We are not going back in labour or in politics generally to the wretched pre-war spirit. Too many people have been killed and maimed for that. That pre-war spirit was in many respects utterly mean and odious.

The multiplicity of Offices and Departments of State—with its inevitable multiplicity of Ministers—is not a thing we desiderate at all. To enlarge Governments or Cabinets is merely to enfeeble them. More heads, less head: the larger in size, the littler in action. It always has been so, and it always will be so. Indecision knows well that safety lies in numbers at the council table; it desires a cloud of words and a crowd of chiefs. Nevertheless there are cases where a new head is needed, notably where no head at all appears to exist. The case for a Pensions Department, which Mr. Kennedy Jones puts in an able letter to the SATURDAY REVIEW this week, is undoubtedly a strong one. The present arrangement, admittedly, cannot continue; and there is a growing feeling of indignation at the way in which so many soldiers, broken in the war have to write and write for their pension or their pittance. It is not, we believe, this

particular authority or that who is to blame: it is simply the system, with its scattered branches and consequent delays, that is in the wrong.

Since the war entered on its third year there has been—happily—a complete cessation of what may be called America-nudging in this country. On and off for almost two years there were quite a number of prophet-papers in Great Britain that were perpetually nudging the United States, jogging their memory as to this matter and that matter, and predicting that a certain great decision was on the verge, or quite close on the verge, of being taken. The SATURDAY REVIEW pointed out again and again that the facts warranted no assumption of the kind, and that the whole policy of nudging America, and dwelling on her "stern" messages as to Boy-Ed and other Teutonic celebrities was a wrong-headed and mischievous policy. We were, as it has turned out, right. One and all the prophet-papers were absurdly out of their reckoning as to the United States and the war. It is far more dignified, and more diplomatic, to let the United States alone. They may be presumed to know their own business, and they must be allowed to take their own line. We hope the habit of nudging the United States has been abandoned once and for all, for it was always foolish, and, if it did anything, it helped the cause of the enemy.

Sir Arthur Evans, in his address last Tuesday as President of the British Association at Newcastle, did not attempt to startle the world, like some of his predecessors. His subject, however, "New Archaeological Lights on the Origins of Civilisation in Europe: its Magdalenian Forerunners in the South-West and Ægean Cradle", was one full of interest, in which the recent light gained makes scholars eager for more. Prehistoric archaeology has revealed astonishing accomplishment in pictorial representation. The bison of the Altamira Cave are not only polychrome masterpieces, but also, being executed on the ceilings of inner vaults, seem to imply considerable progress in artificial illumination. We now know, Sir Arthur pointed out, that stone lamps, in one case decorated with the engraved head of an ibex, were in use some 10,000 years before the oldest monuments were raised in Egypt or Chaldaea. How far we have got from the long-accepted chronology of Usher, which placed the creation of man in 4004 B.C.!

The development of civilisation is more or less continuous. Palæolithic man, in his final stages, is now claiming features hitherto reckoned the exclusive property of the Neolithic or later ages. Sir Arthur also illustrated his doctrine by an account of the wonderful discoveries in prehistoric Crete with which his name will be always associated, and which show that Hellenic civilisation was no isolated phenomenon, "no Wonder Child sprung, like Athena herself, full panoplied from the head of Zeus".

Dr. Edmund Moore, who died at Chagford last Saturday, will be remembered in two ways. The "Oxford Dante", which was first published in 1894, was the crown of the long labours which he began as Barlow Lecturer at University College, London, and which established his position as a first-rate Dantist. His examination of Dante's text and sources won him a world-wide reputation. At Oxford he left a Fellowship at Queen's to become Principal of St. Edmund Hall, which, under his rule, maintained a good standard. The Hall very nearly became an annexe to Queen's, but its independence was secured by Dr. Moore's resolute devotion to its interests.

"Meditation is the life of the soul; action is the soul of meditation; honour is the reward of action: so meditate, that thou may'st do; so do, that thou may'st purchase honour: for which purchase give God the glory."—From Francis Quarles's "Enchiridion".

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## LABOUR AND THE WAR.

WITH much that was said at the Trades Union Congress this week about the share of labour in the war we agree heartily. Labour—by which we mean the working people of the British Isles generally, not merely those who belong to unions—has done gallantly in the field, and it has striven devotedly in the munition factory. It has in the main—we say this, not unconscious of the difficulties in, for instance, the Clyde district—stopped cavilling about hours of labour, and amount of output, and has buckled to with a right good will. The series of magnificent successes by British arms at the Somme place this fact beyond all doubt: for success means shells in vast quantity, and shells in vast quantity mean unstinted toil in workshop. The labouring man has done his duty in the war; and it is by no means altogether his offence that he did not buckle to and do it far earlier in the war. Had he been made to understand better, had he been courageously and nationally organised in the opening months of the war, strikes and quarrels about hours and pay would very speedily have passed away. The no-conscription leaders held that labour would rise in revolution if it were nationally organised early in the war; but we never for a moment believed in the alleged treachery of the working man.

Labour, then, is going to come well out of the war, thanks to its valour all through on the field of battle, and thanks, latterly, to its toil in the workshops. Thus when its spokesmen claim that, after the war, labour will have a right to a better position in many ways than it has had hitherto, they claim only justice. There is not the faintest doubt about it—those, alike in organised labour and out of organised labour, who have through this war borne the heat and burden of the day will have to be considered seriously indeed when the struggle is over, will have to be reckoned with. They will insist, probably; but whether they insist or not, the conscience of the nation, or public opinion, will insist. We are sure that this is being borne in on employers and employed equally; it is impossible for the thing to be overlooked or mistaken.

The Trade Union Congress has been quite within its rights in impressing this truth on the nation. It is the province of the Congress so to do. But when the chairman, Mr. Gosling, and others leave this theme, and go in instead for lectures or arguments about high politics and diplomacies and the philosophy of war and peace at large, they are not, we find, very successful or convincing. These subjects, truth to tell, are not their métier, any more than Mr. Appleton's métier, if we may say so without offence, is a seat on the Army Council which he desiderates for a "labour representative". Yet Mr. Gosling must bring out once more at the Congress the plea that this war is the war to end war! He must dress it up with a few exalted commonplaces about federated perpetual peace Powers and so forth, drawn from the art of select orators; but one recognises in it the same plea which did service in various pacifist and no-conscription circles in the early weeks or months of the war. It is the cosmopolite police proposal over again, and the first "Locksley Hall" dreamer at work or at play once more, with his war drum stilled for ever and his federation of the world; but with this difference—it sadly lacks the poetic charm of that earlier "Locksley Hall", in which young Tennyson

foretold the nations' airy navies grappling in their central blue. The plain truth is no nation went into this war in order to end war. Serbia went into the war because national honour insisted. Belgium went in on exactly similar grounds. Russia and France went in because they were resolved that the enemy should not dominate and reduce to a miserable state of servitude virtually the whole of the free nations of Europe, themselves included. Great Britain, with Greater Britain, went in on the same grounds, and because, had she stood out, she would have disgracefully broken faith with her friends, and in the end have gone under the Prussian heel. The Allies, in short, went into the war for honour, for freedom, and for self-preservation. We have never seen the least sense or honesty in shying away from these well-established facts; and to leave self-preservation out of the account seems to us to leave out the motive which is, always has been, and always will be, a master law of Nature. It is hypocrisy to leave out this count.

Directly we travel beyond these perfectly plain and honourable motives of Great Britain and her Allies in going into the war, and affect to change human nature, and re-evolve the spheres with Mr. Gosling and some others, we get into many absurdities and perplexities. There really is no reason whatever to suppose that with peace, say, in 1917 or 1918, the strife of the world will end for ever—or that it is in the power of the Allies to end it then. In fact, quite on the contrary, all experience and all study in history and in natural history point to the conclusion that strife in the world will *not* end then. Some people at this may protest, and lament that we are militarist, pessimistic, materialistic. But that is nonsense; and as for pessimism, those rather are the pessimists, if they could but see it, who despair of the future of the world and of the cause of civilisation so long as strife, in one form and another, remains an active agent on earth. Strife between nations and between individuals has been very active in the world from the start of civilisation. It has been active in all manner of ways. Yet the world has progressed. Many high forms of civilisation have come directly out of, and through, strife: just as noblest character and most Christian acts have, in an almost infinite number of cases, come directly out of, and through, griefs, agonies, and every manner of ill. But this is not to say that we, or any sane people, desire strife, least of all desire it in the very frightful forms in which it has raged through the world since this war started. Nobody desires grief, agony, disease, or any other form of ill to which mankind is exposed; and to accuse or suspect a man of pessimism or materialism because he declines to believe that the era of ills and all miseries is about to close for ever would be nonsensical. But it is not more nonsensical, and it is certainly not more mischievous, to declare that the era of grief and human pain generally is to close for ever than to preach, at a time like this, that the era of strife on earth is to close for ever. It would indeed be less mischievous to preach the former doctrine, for only a very few people would credit it; whereas there are numbers of people who can be easily persuaded that the era of strife on earth is near its close—which does not strike them as "such a tall order", though, as a fact, there is probably nothing to choose between the two in tallness! The mischief of such an unreasonable belief is that its adherents will naturally press or clamour for a reduction of armaments when we may least be able to afford such a step.



Labour will do well, and we shall all do well, simply to concentrate on the vast business of winning the war—and of “winning the peace” after the war, as Sir William Robertson put it so pregnantly the other day.

We entered this war through pure and natural motives. We have absolutely faithful Allies. We have a glorious Army and Navy. Surely that is good enough for the labouring man and for every patriotic Briton. There is neither need nor sense, that we can discover, in running after will-o'-the-wisps such as federated nations, cosmopolite constabularies, and the dawn of the strifeless age.

#### A GERMAN HOLY WEEK.

IT is common knowledge that in April of this year many women and girls were deported from Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing, and compelled to work with gross hardships in more or less distant places, scattered from Seclin and Templeuve to the Ardennes. Many lads went with them, and many men up to the age of fifty-five. The whole story of this outrage, which enslaved about 25,000 persons, is related by the French Government in documents which have been sent to the neutral Powers, and of which an English translation has just been published. The collected evidence, as M. Briand points out, cannot be verified in every detail by the French Government, as it deals with matters which occurred in neighbourhoods still occupied by the enemy; but it comes from such various sources, and is so abundant and corroborative, that its general truth cannot be questioned by fair-minded readers. The Germans alone will try to impugn the depositions of witnesses; and for this reason our Allies desire that a thorough inquiry, sanctioned and aided by the German Government, should be made on the spot by a neutral Commission. Will Germany give her consent? Or will she acknowledge her guilt by declining to face another investigation?

Only three concessions to any sort of humane feeling were made during the abominable deportations. Mothers with children under fourteen years of age were spared, every girl under twenty was accompanied by one of her family, and some of the kidnapped were sent home because they were not strong enough to bear the punishment of enforced toil. Women were taken mainly from the factories and from domestic service, to be employed as substitutes for orderlies, and to cook and do laundry work for soldiers; but some brave girls of the upper middle class came forward and declined to be separated from the working girls of their district. At first—it was early in April—an appeal was made for voluntary labour, official notices offering a settlement in the country to families without work. Prices were very high and food was scarce, but Lille and the other townships had a great many reasons to be suspicious. Their life for many months had been poisoned with unprovoked insults, and they knew that much food grown on French soil had been sent to Germany. As there was no justice in the German Dictatorship, the poor were unattracted by the appeal for workers; they preferred suffering at home to migrating into other hardships chosen by their taskmasters.

Then the Germans decided to make use of compulsion. On 9 April impressment began in the villages of Halluin and Roncq; then it spread through Tourcoing and Roubaix to Lille. Men and girls were seized and carried off; but soon a wider scope and a display of German method were given to the pressgang. A general arrived at Lille with a large force, which included the 64th Regiment from Verdun; and between Friday, 21 April, and Saturday, 29 April, no fewer than 9,890 persons were arrested and deported. It was a reign of terror. Only one part of Lille was exempted

from the inquisition; and this one part was the central district, with its Boulevard de la Liberté!

During Holy Week the streets of Lille were placarded with a proclamation in which the Military Commandant attributed his conduct to England, whose “attitude made the provisioning of the population more and more difficult”. It was English cruelty, declared this woman torturer, in his element, that forced him to relieve the distress of Lille by seizing the inhabitants and sending them into other districts of the occupied French territory, far behind the front, where they would not be employed on military works! M. Briand says of this hypocrisy that seizure of contraband and interference with enemy commerce are acts of war, while the deportation of civilians is a barbarous measure which cannot be justified. Besides, the Commandant’s pretended justification is at odds with the fact that Germany has taken for her own use from occupied territory the very products which the inhabitants need for their subsistence. So little has she concerned herself with the welfare of her provisional conquests that her officers and soldiers have compelled French people to take part in military operations against French troops, and to assist in pillaging their own countryside. The deportations belong to a cruel depravity which has been active for nearly two years.

All objections were futile. The Mayor of Lille protested in vain, and Bishop Charost wrote to General von Graevenitz, declaring that the violation of family rights was attended by a violation of the sacred demands of morality. “Morality is exposed to perils, the mere idea of which revolts every honest man, from the promiscuity which inevitably accompanies removals en masse. . . . Young girls of irreproachable life—who have never committed any worse offence than that of trying to pick up some bread or a few potatoes to feed a numerous family, and who have, besides, paid the light penalty for such trespass—have been carried off. Their mothers, who have watched so closely over them, who have had no other joy than that of keeping their daughters beside them, in the absence of fathers and sons fighting at the front or killed—these mothers are now alone. They bring to me their despair and their anguish. . . . I know that you have no part in these harsh measures. You are by nature inclined towards justice; this is why I venture to appeal to you. I beg you to be good enough to forward without delay to the German High Military Command this letter from a bishop, whose deep grief they will easily imagine. . . .”

It seems some German troops—the elderly men of the Landsturm—agreed with Bishop Charost, and were imprisoned for insubordination; but the devil’s work was done thoroughly, beginning at dawn. Patrols with fixed bayonets swaggered through the streets; a band played, and machine-guns were as conspicuous as the general alarm and sorrow. Householders, with their children, stood outside their doors and awaited the officers, who would choose victims from almost every family. No one knew in which district the persecution would be active, so the agony of suspense was present from day to day in a great many homes. After the officers had made their choice the unfortunates were taken to a factory, to a school, or to a church, where they were numbered and labelled like cattle at a show, and where they remained till a train was ready for them at the St. Sauveur station. Some waited as many as thirty-six hours, and when at last they reached the station they were put into open trucks, women and girls and men all crowded together. But through it all, says a witness, they remained calm and dignified. It was not till they started off that they gave expression to their anger by singing the forbidden “Marseillaise” and by crying, “Vive la France!”

Those who went to the Ardennes were received at first with insults, the Germans having described the new-comers as volunteers, and therefore willing to do work which the Ardennais opposed for reasons of

patriotism. Other information from the Department of the Ardennes was brought to Roubaix by other girls and young men, who were sent home after their health had broken down. They were lodged—and others with them—"in a terrible manner, in disgraceful promiscuity. . . . The Germans have shown all the barbarity of slave-drivers."

There are eighty-one pages in this new official pamphlet on German crimes, and every page is so full of pain that it makes an urgent appeal to the chivalry of all nations outside the Prussianised group. Many similar appeals have been made, not altogether in vain, but with little effect; and we often wonder why statesmen have spoken of retribution after the war as if thousands of atrocities could be punished, either one by one, or in hundreds. Surely it is better not to talk of punishment while Germany remains defiant. And why should anyone suppose that justice after the war will recompense a woman whose whole nature has been tortured by cruelties? Some French girls who refused to make sandbags for the German trenches were beaten with a cat-o'-nine-tails; some others were compelled to work by night in the fields, sometimes in the zone of danger just behind the German lines, and sometimes between the two armies. What adequate punishment can there ever be for crimes of this infernal sort? Shells, shells, shells—a ceaseless production of them at home, a ceaseless application of them on the field of battle by our great Army, that is how we must deal with German atrocities and make their recurrence impossible in the future.

#### THE FOOD QUESTION.

WE have not yet heard an end of the recent agitations and alarms at the rising prices of food. The food question must needs become more vexed as the war continues; and a food question means, always and everywhere, angry suspicions concerning those who deal in food and angry impatience concerning authorities who refuse to deal with the dealers. In the Middle Ages men who watched the local markets and bought and sold with a better discretion than their neighbours were called "regraters", or "forestallers"; and the Statute Book was for generations black with penalties which, though they never had the least efficacy as remedies, served to let off some of that popular steam which to-day escapes into newspapers and deputations. Happily there are several members of the present Cabinet who occasionally read a little British history—with one at least who reads a little natural history—and they will not be at all inclined rashly to embark upon fixed prices and enforced sales.

There is no need to go back in time to realise that in periods of dearth and scarcity food questions are not necessarily exorcised with strokes of the administrative pen. Our enemies have recently discovered that meat-cards are not necessarily meat; that butter-coupons are not necessarily butter; that even a bread-ticket may be more like an investment in the Hamburg-Amerika Line than a British 5 per cent. Exchequer Bond. Many a German committee, department, corporation, council, or what not has lately found that tampering with supplies is like the slaying of Duncan. It inevitably leads to further interferences with the course of Nature. Bread-cards and maximum prices may possibly be the solution of one problem, but they are quite certainly the starting of many more.

No likelier place than Germany could be imagined for sweeping experiments in the State control of supplies. German supplies are mostly German, and they therefore involve none of the problems presented to ourselves of dealing with supplies which come from neutral sellers in neutral ships. Most of our amateur economists talk as though we could grow all our economic cabbages in an English garden. Then, again, Germany is a parvenu among the nations and is disturbed by no uneasy memories of past errors. Much of the over-administration of Germany is due to

the fact that Germany was made in Germany. She is not old enough to have been often bitten, and she is rarely shy. Germany went in for coupons with a lighter heart than Mr. Runciman would do, supposing that sheer necessity should ever drive him into a rationing of the Carlton Hotel. We imagine, from the little we have seen of the German Press, that Germany is less light-hearted now.

One thing is certain. Rationing is no remedy for public suspicion. It rubs every sore feeling that exists in hard times between rich and poor, country and town, province and province. We have at last got it into our minds—the SATURDAY REVIEW urged it again and again at a time when many in this country liked to disbelieve it—that Germany is a united nation in this war, and that we need not delude ourselves into thinking that the imprisonment of Dr. Liebknecht or differences between Prussia and Saxony are going to save us the effort of smashing the German armies in the field. But there is no doubt at all that inequalities in the supply of food as between class and class, between district and district, between the central and the local rationing authorities, have done more to spread discontent and disunion through the German Empire than generations of party politics or international Socialism could have done. When very hungry travellers from Hanover find that people are doing themselves rather well in Bavaria; when townsmen on a visit to the country conclude that farmers have been acting on the assumption that it is not becoming to muzzle the ox which treadeth out the corn; when poor people, getting nothing at all for their maximum prices, discover that rich people have been paying maximum prices to the baker, plus a good round sum for actually bringing the bread to the house; or when a thoughtful and fortunate municipality in the South sees its carefully-gathered stores being loaded on to trains for delivery "somewhere in Prussia"—why, then, all kinds of disagreeable things are felt and said. The suspicions of English suburbia that the baker, or the miller, or the shipper is possibly making more than he ought out of the necessities of the people are mild beside the wicked rage of the German bread queues or the helpless indignation of German wives, who find that maximum prices for milk and butter have only had the effect of turning it into expensive cheese.

State action of some sort may be necessary in Great Britain as the war goes on; but the Government will do well to keep continually before its eyes some of the consequences of the German experiment. The mere ration is useless. It must ultimately lead to a State control of the rationed commodity. The authority which issues a ticket is bound to see that the ticket is honoured, and this implies full powers to commandeer and distribute the commodity to which the ticket applies. Again, merely to fix maximum prices for a commodity is not of the least avail. You will also have to compel the people who own stocks of this commodity to come out into the market and sell it at the price you have fixed. Nor is this the end. If you fix a price for milk and butter, but not for cheese, the milk and the butter may be converted into cheese and the milch cows may be converted into beef. All this—and much more that might be mentioned—is quite apart from the most serious problem of all which would confront the Government of a big importing State like Great Britain. The British Government cannot fix a price for American meat. It can only buy meat at American prices and sell it at its own fixed price. What would be the feelings of an English butcher who found that the British Government was paying more for frozen meat from America than he was allowed to get (in these hard times) for prime English sirloin?

It will, moreover, be necessary for the Government itself to act in every detail of this rake's administrative progress; for, if you leave these things to a district council, Hendon may allow bakers to sell at 9d. a loaf and attract the bread from Marylebone, which has fixed the price at 8d. There is no end to the chain—our enemies have certainly not reached the end of it



yet—which begins with issuing cards and fixing prices for bread and butter.

The English public, moreover, would have to be very hard up indeed before they could endure one-tenth of the control and inspection which is involved in Government rations for all. Conceive a waiter at the Carlton explaining to his angry client that the apparent short weight of the visible meat in his exact and lawful portion of roast mutton was due to an unusual richness of the gravy, or pointing out to him, after he had incautiously dipped into the hors d'œuvres, that, having inadvertently helped himself to a sliced sausage, he had by law forfeited the right to any meat at all under a regulation which prescribes for all restaurants only one course of meat in any form or disguise. Or, to take a more humble illustration, conceive that all the sugar basins have been removed from the tables of the A.B.C., and that it has become necessary to fumble among our sheaf of tickets for bread, meat, butter, socks, etc., before we can obtain the at-one-time casual lump. Of the English public one may safely say that it would endure these things rather than starve or see a very bad injustice done; but it would not easily submit to a system which has taxed to breaking point even the miraculous docility of the German.

#### A PHENOMENAL DECIMATION.

WE seem to be involved in controversies just now as to our use or abuse of words. Thus, one correspondent has written to us reproachfully because we used the word gigantomachy of Verdun. We should have thought it not inappropriate to that tremendous struggle of giant nations. The meaning, too, was clear enough in the Note of the Week which has offended our correspondent—who would fare worse if he went from the SATURDAY REVIEW to Ben Jonson's play, and therein read of the gigantomachizing of "Goggle-ey'd Grumbledories". However, next time we use the word we will remember to give a footnote supplying a synonym or a translation. But this week we are in fresh trouble over the use of "decimated". Several mathematical minds write to explain that one may decimate a thing ten times and yet leave something substantial over. This, we believe, is sound mathematics. Thus, take an army of 100 men. Let it be decimated, 90 remain. Let it be decimated a second time, 81 remain. Repeat the operation a third time—but we will not pursue the inquiry, for fractions of a man would then appear, and that in war is not practicable. Therefore we need only assent to our correspondents' reminder that after decimating an army of 100 men ten times a considerable number of men will still remain over. This is perfectly true: and we apologise to mathematics with the utmost contriteness. But do our correctors really believe that when the Austrian Army was over and over again decimated by the ready writers in 1914 and 1915 only a strict mathematical tenth part was taken therefrom each time? Have they forgotten that, besides being decimated at least ten times, the Austrian Army was sometimes "holocausted" (this operation taking place in at least one instance under the waters of a river or lake), and that considerable portions of it were now and then "annihilated"? Do our friends suggest that every time the Austrian Army, in 1914-15, was thus treated it was only mulcted of a tithe? We take leave to question that. For one thing: when an army has been beaten one day it would not be possible to announce in the headlines of sensation next morning that it had been decimated—that is, it would not be possible to do so in the severe mathematical sense our friends (rightly) desiderate. No: when the Austrian Army was decimated, with somewhat tedious iteration, in 1914 and 1915, those who used the word meant, of course, that the Austrian Army had been pulverised (this term was often used as a synonym of decimated) and, virtually, smashed. An army thus dealt with would surely cease to exist

after ten decimations, or even five. When the word decimate is used for adjectival ends the ten disappears. If we are not mistaken the Austrian Army was decimated in popular sketches in the same way as the rain has lately been "phenomenal". In fact, a phenomenal decimation.

#### THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 110) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE NEXT PHASE—HINDENBURG AND ROUMANIA.

VON DER GOLTZ reminds us that history gives a great idea of the importance of generalship. We see the Macedonians victorious over enemies tenfold their strength, and do not doubt that they would have succumbed had another than Alexander been at the head of the army. Hannibal taught the Carthaginians for a certain period to vanquish the first military people of the world. Only a Cæsar's genius could triumph at Alesia, Pharsalia, and Alexandria. Prussia has not forgotten that Frederick withstood the world, even when the trained soldiers with whom he first took the field had long since lain dead upon the battlefields or were lying disabled in hospitals, and he was compelled to take all he could possibly summon to his hard-pressed standard. Great generals can even surround the arms of declining nations with a fresh halo of glory, as is proved in the instances of Aristomanes, Belisarius, Narses, and Aëtius. Even the decaying Persian power in the eighteenth century undertook great wars of conquest and advanced as far as Delhi, after Nadir Shah had raised himself up to be its ruler.

In the wars of the present day, the power of a man of genius will always make itself felt. Yet things have altered in comparison with earlier times. Special qualities are indispensable in order that the military ladder may be climbed to a height whence the eminent talents of a strategist first become of value and are recognised. It is right to say that it is character that makes the general. But strong characters are often wont to display themselves in a manner that is more disadvantageous than profitable to their advancement in a time of peace. Rugged, rough and ready Hindenburg, when he dared once to differ from his War Lord, speedily found himself upon the shelf. Called back to duty at a critical period in the war fortunes of his country, he has proved himself a determined leader. A people does not hurriedly forget a man who has performed the national service of a deliverer, and is, in consequence, worshipped as a great hero. Hindenburg has swayed his masses in the Eastern theatre of war with more or less unvarying success. Born more to rule men than to please them, his great victory at Tannenberg has bred in his soldiers a confidence of which he has taken full advantage. His armies in the Eastern theatre a year ago carried all before them. Even now, terribly attenuated as they are, he finds means to hold his own against superior numbers. Sway over others is before all else founded upon the will, and it is difficult to conceive of a strong will apart from self confidence. It is not clever men who are so indispensable in war, as men of strong will and full of self confidence, and Hindenburg has unmistakably stamped his name in the pages of the history of this war, as a general with the proved possession of a strong will, and with the rare gift of the courage of responsibility and the wish to bear it.

It must, however, never be forgotten that Hindenburg's share thus far in the campaign has been that

of a subordinate leader, answerable to the higher powers for his conduct of operations. As a director of war he has little or no experience. He has reached an age when both physical and intellectual energies are on the wane. His mind and eyes have for the past two years been centred on the Eastern theatre, and his heart's desire must naturally be to see the designs which have for so long absorbed his thoughts fully matured. He has been called at a ripe age from a subordinate rôle to guide the military destinies of two Empires in a still more extended line of operations, and at a very critical period in those operations. It is a poor compliment to the much vaunted War Staff in Berlin that an aged "dug out", however meritorious, must be found to be the better man of the innumerable younger German leaders that this war has discovered. The appointment of von Hindenburg savours more of the war cry of the nation, who know of no other hero to whom they can turn to disentangle them from the military net which is slowly but surely gathering around the Central Powers. The selection of the idol of the multitude to be the dictator of two Empires is the death blow to the war caste of Germany. It is equally a renewal of life blood to their foes. Hindenburg has shown us as yet little proof of great ability as a strategist. That he is a past master of tactics in a country of which he knows every yard we have reason to acknowledge. His masterful handling of a denuded front in the great attacks of our Ally on the line south of the Pripet Marshes is beyond all praise. He takes the reins from Falkenhayn, when nothing but transcendent strategy can restore a situation that betokens ruin to the Dual Alliance. We cannot see in him, great leader of men as he undoubtedly is, another Belisarius, a genius called by fate to restore again the fallen fortunes which the mishandling of strategy by a haughty dynasty has inflicted upon two Empires.

Situated as the Central Powers are now, with a still further extended front to guard, denied the offensive owing to shortage of strategic reserves, it is difficult to see in the appointment of Hindenburg any design except one which will prepare the Central Powers for the coming prospect of being driven by force of circumstances to accept the inevitable and to assume a general strategic defensive. The popular idol will be made the scapegoat for the ignominy of abandoning the cherished religion of the German military hierarchy for a century past—an unsparing offensive in war. Much water and much blood will, however, flow beneath the bridges before the German is compelled to withdraw his claws from the gains that early advance has given him. He will strike hard and viciously whenever opportunity serves him, but it will no longer be the hammer blows of old. Hindenburg, the bold tactician, will look to the young master of strategy, von Ludendorff, his Chief of the Staff, for the design of the new effort which is to break the iron girdle that threatens to encircle the Central Powers. It will be a marvel if he can find the means to effect his purpose. Not for one moment must the Allies relax their efforts throughout the entire front, and thereby allow of the withdrawal of hostile divisions, by means of which new armies might be created. The new broom has elected to single out England for his first display of temper by attempting to "strafe" our island with the largest fleet of airships hitherto assembled. If the measure of their success is a guide to the future we need not be disheartened at the prospect.

## II.

When the true story of Germany's failure in the campaign of 1916 comes to be written, the critic will be inclined to ask why Germany was so long in hesitating to declare war upon Italy, or perhaps, summoning Roumania to disarm. The month of September 1915 found the Central Powers on the crest of the wave. They could act at will in almost any direction. They were opposed by Powers only partially armed and acting of necessity on the defensive. They elected to swamp Serbia and rake in the armies of Bulgaria and Turkey. The assistance of neither of these Powers could affect the issue either in the West, South, or East. Nothing but a knock-out blow against England, France, Italy, or Russia could offer a chance of success in shaking the foundations of the Entente, the breaking up of one Power by the armies of the Central Empires thus giving them strength for a similar blow on another of the Allied Powers. Italy, it is true, was not at war officially with Germany, but there were provocative measures on both sides sufficient to justify more than formal hostilities. Germans had been taken prisoners fighting in the ranks of the armies of the Dual Monarchy. Italy had confiscated German merchantmen sheltering in her ports. As pointed out in my last letter, Germany lost a golden opportunity in May 1916 of smashing Italy. Far better was her chance in September 1915, when the political stability in Rome was in the balance, and the Army not fully equipped or prepared for war. Italy was beyond the reach of help from her Allies, nor had they the means to render adequate assistance if needed. Sentiment finds no place in German diplomacy, for as Lord Bryce reminded us in his report: "In the last ten months international law has been more completely disregarded, more broken down and trodden underfoot, than it has been in the last three or four centuries".

Roumania, with a drawn sword overhanging her for many months, has wisely awaited the moment when she sees a half-beaten foe before her, and is herself prepared to enter the field in combined operations with a powerful Ally. She has laid her plans well. They are designed to meet a national purpose. Roumania seeks for no further extension of territory across the Danube. Her aims for enlarging her kingdom lie to the west, in Transylvania, where some three million of her people suffer under the Hungarian yoke. It is at this epoch of the war that we are destined to view one of the most extraordinary vagaries in strategy. Whilst Roumania is battling in the passes to the west and pushing her armies with splendid success towards the plains of Hungary, flanked by the armies of Lechitsky in co-operation on the Carpathians, Russia is pouring new forces through the east of the little kingdom to tackle her quondam ally Bulgaria. The Russian armies, once in the Dobrudja, can work along the southern banks of the Danube, as they did in 1877. Sofia, the capital of the Czar Ferdinand, will lie at the mercy of the Russian leader in the same manner as it did in 1913, when the Roumanian King entered the Balkan lists. It is a clever move to put the Bulgarian soldiery to the test, as to whether they have lost all sense of gratitude to the Power that they once hailed as a deliverer, and their attitude as to fighting the soldiers of the Czar will be watched with intense interest.

Roumania will be wise if she abstains from excursions and diversions. Let her not be persuaded to go too far from the Iron Gates and tempt old Hindenburg

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with an opportunity of delivering a counter-blow. She is fighting on a continuous front with both flanks secure and daily getting stronger, as the geographical outline of her objective narrows with every forward step. It is a fine piece of strategy that selects a theatre of war in which as the victorious armies progress they tend to concentrate. But above all, in this war of surprises, which never seem to have a limit, Roumania has outwitted her foes and entered the lists with all the best elements of surprise. She fights for what she wants, and not putting her trust in a wavering diplomacy, she will stick to what she can get, for the best of all reasons—the right of conquest.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### LIGHTS IN THE VALLEY.

BY AN OFFICER IN KITCHENER'S ARMY.

#### I.

LONG ago—years ago it seems—we used to work in fixed trenches. As a matter of fact, it was only last winter. In those days we lived in safety behind the line, and proceeded to our work in the trenches, which was of a special and exhausting kind, by a long walk at, as we thought, indecently short intervals. For obvious reasons we lived in a valley, tucked away under the hill as deep as might be. Thence we went to work up a steep, dreary road, skirted a copse or two where batteries were concealed, and then dipped into the long communication trench which allowed us to cross the sky line unperceived. In the wettest weather the trench would be impassable, and we had to rise early and cross the ridges while it was still dark. Once over, there was a wide grass field between us and the main trench system, and over this we would walk in the open, taking our chance of a shell. At the end there was still a very muddy trench up to the front line, and our work there never made us any drier, nor less tired. Late in the evening we would start on the return journey, with what different feelings! The worst was all at the beginning, the struggle through the muddy trench, with its stale smell of human occupation, our ears and eyes anxiously alert for the whistle and the black whirling body of rifle grenade or trench mortar!

Then we would be out, and the broad, restful stretch of our green field would spread before us, and we would sniff the fresh evening air and should, no doubt, had we been classical scholars, like Xenophon's Ten Thousand, have shouted *θάλασσα, θάλασσα*. Instead of which, however, we would plod on up the rise, over the crest, down a narrow road, and then a turn of the corner would bring us in sight of the lights of the valley.

The part of the valley occupied by ourselves and by other troops would be in darkness, mostly deserted after sunset, and very damp. At that time we had a wild belief in the German capacity for seeing lights at any distance, and, in consequence, every loophole and window was religiously screened. Until you opened a door there was no sign of the friendliness within. But beyond all that, where the valley sloped down to the river, lay a little French half town, half village, once peaceful enough, but now a hive of men and a target of shells. But the sheltering hills surrounded it, and it was reckoned that the Boche would shell it anyhow, by guesswork, whether lights were shown or not. And so cookhouse and dug-out, billet and estaminet, sent out their gleams into the night, and no sentry rebuked them. And to tired men making for home these lights, as we came on them suddenly round the corner, were the signal and the sign of all that remains good in this war life. They spoke quite frankly of beer and food and warmth and dry clothes—our comforts out here, like our life, are animal. And even if it is only stew for about the four hundred

and twenty-seventh time in succession, still, a good dinner is a good dinner.

Such the general effect; but to each one of us, too, the lights had a private message. The darkness round us would hide all the ordinary squalor of stationary warfare: the mud, the railway lines, the stumps of timber and barbed wire; all these we could forget, and could concentrate on the twinkle in the valley and the pictures they called up to us. There would come first the peaceful, ordinary atmosphere of home, the return up the street, and the quick glance at the windows, to see who was in and what they were doing. Then, again, farther afield, the serried windows of an Oxford quad, some dark, others with a solitary shaded light hedged with books, pointing to some poor wight on whom the shadow of the schools lay heavy; others, again, brilliantly lit, with what Byron called "sounds of revelry by night" proceeding from them, and hilarious and perhaps slightly intoxicated individuals hanging out of them and beseeching all and sundry to "come up and have a drink", cheerfully oblivious of the fact that the porter was taking their names, and that an unsympathetic dean would "touch them for a fiver" in the morning.

Last, and perhaps best, the end of a long, dusty walk in summer, when the day has been spent on open moor and hillside, rambling without map or compass, "drinking of the brook in the way", and as the sun sinks, dropping down from the heights on to the main road, to discover that the nearest inn is five miles away—a very good period in which to dwell sentimentally on the glories of the day, and to create an appetite for the delights of a civilisation which only that morning we should have scorned. And so round the last corner, and the inn windows shining red to receive us, and a big fire and the glint of copper seen through a half-open door. It is a far call from Sussex to the Somme, and we are very grateful for any magic carpet that will bear us on the journey.

#### II.

Another picture: It is summer now, and mud has yielded to dust, and what was formerly an empty valley is now a stirring city. There is a new spirit abroad, of which the Boche is painfully aware, and special correspondents are contorting their brains and the English language in their efforts to describe what they have—or have not—seen. Our little bands, our occupation temporarily gone owing to the occupation of the enemy front line, are working on the simple pursuit of building dug-outs—no matter where. The evening closes in, and word is passed up the trench for all hands to knock off and make their way to the road, where the motor-lorry waits for us. We go past the batteries, through what is termed by courtesy a wood, but is really a collection of jagged stumps, over a rise once pitted by shells, and presently on the sky line can be seen lines of transport moving, and the solid bulk of our lorry. Suddenly comes the familiar "train-coming-out-of-a-tunnel" noise, and a shell whizzes over and falls with a thud. "A dud", says someone. Another whizz, and another—both duds—with nothing but a small cloud of dust to mark where they fell. No damage as yet, but they are evidently searching for the road. Another comes, and bursts this time well beyond the road. "Bet old Bill has the wind up", murmurs a voice: "old Bill" is the lorry driver, and as we come up to the lorry the conjecture proves to be correct. Bill emerges from the nearest funk-hole. "Pitched right at my feet, it did", he says. This is probably untrue, but, as there is no reason why the next shell should not do so, we bundle on board in a hurry, count ourselves, and drive off over the bumpy road at a pace which shows that Bill, in addition to being an expert driver, is also at times a fatalist. There is something wild and romantic in escaping from shell fire in a motor-lorry. Also it is a good deal quicker than doing so on foot.

We dash on, past ammunition dumps and dressing stations, hold up a Staff motor-car, to our great

delight, have "a few family words" with the drivers of an artillery limber, who cling obstinately to the crown of the road, and come at last to a road unused owing to the stress of war and the proximity of the trenches till 1 July last. And then we see the lights in the valley, now no longer furtive and rare, but line upon line of twinkling points of light, as if some heavenly sower had collected all the stars into a bag and flung them broadcast over the earth, to be, who knows, the seeds of peace. By day the valley below us, and the hill beyond, and then other valleys and other hills are just, prosaically, horse lines, impressive, no doubt, by their vastness and complexity (ask the signal orderlies about that), but still, just horse lines. At night this ingenious machine becomes a fairyland. Everywhere lights twinkle, in lines, in clumps, in curves. Here and there a larger, redder glare denotes a fire with the inevitable "dixie" of tea. There is no suggestion of horses, of war, of any of the hard, practical, deadly side of life. Only this amazing fairyland of lights, full of innumerable suggestions. No town could ever set forth such a spectacle. In a town there is no light without the harsh lines of a window round it. The yellow band that marks a street tells of pavements and trams and plate-glass windows full of novelties in neck-wear. You cannot be uplifted by the lights of a factory working overtime. But here is no jerry-built house or pseudo-classic cinema to mar the beauty of the night. The nearest approach to such things is a tent or a neat bivouac. But for the most part there are only the delicate silhouettes of trees; the houses have long since fallen victims to the engines of Kultur.

So we come on to the last stretch of road that leads to our temporary home. Even war has its compensations, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that not many have seen what we have seen—horrors and loveliness alike. These lights in the valley give us something of the calm cheerfulness of Stevenson, something of his indomitable facing of Fate. He, too, had seen the lights in the valley. He once wrote (the quotation is from memory only):

"And when evening comes, the million-tinted,  
And stars have shone, and planets glistened,  
Lo, the valley hollow, lamp-bestarred".

R. H.

#### THE DEATH OF THE ZEPPELIN.

By E. B. OSBORN.

(As seen, after a long vigil, from a second story window at Chiswick, close on twenty miles from Cuffley, where the scorched and tortured bones of the monster fell. The spectacle lost none of its impressiveness owing to the remoteness of the solitary observer. It was seen as "in the palm of the hand", to use a favourite phrase of Sienkiwicz in describing a well-composed battle. It was a miniature epic within a frame of mist illumined by the veering searchlights. The great white flare of light lasted for five or six seconds, a brief, fantastical noon, which enabled one to see a little owl "frozen" (like a trench-fighter working in No Man's Land when a Vevey pistol-light goes up) in a tall beech by the side of the house. It was a crimson glow, burning steady in the low east, for about as long; then it fell very, very slowly, and was seen no more. And it had vanished before the great cheer, as grim and bitter in timbre as the *boucan* of a cordite charge, came to the ear in Chiswick.)

A false, false night! Across the sightless sky  
Passed and repassed, again and yet again,  
A many-flickering smile of irony,  
The hieroglyphic of an evil thought.  
A few pale stars glistened like drops of sweat  
On the brow o' the East. There was no wind—  
The wind that was not whispered in the ear  
Strange, crimson syllables of gathering doom.

Dread, flaming obsequies were in the eye  
Before the fiery pencil traced them out.  
And still the omens held, and still was heard  
The voice of silence, the unspoken word.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last! At last the winged Worm draws near,  
The vulture-ship that dare not voyage by day,  
The man-made Dinosaur that haunts the night,  
The beast-like creature of a bestial mind,  
Which preys by choice on small and innocent lives,  
Drinking its blood well soothed with mother's milk—  
Whose reeking weapons scandalise the stars  
And do most foully wrong the sanctuary  
Of God's tempestuous angels, the bright winds,  
That haste about the globe at his behest.  
Above the violet verge of the low East  
This blind and obscene head of frightfulness  
Was suddenly thrust. We marked its course afar  
By dull pulsations of the eager guns,  
The grey, lean warders of far-listening London;  
By bursts of shell-fire, mimic Leonids,  
Flame-petal'd stars all blossoming blood-red.  
The harassed Worm sought covert in a cloud  
Which, soon departed, gave him for a prey  
To the implacable airman hovering near  
(His battle-plane was part of him that hour;  
In every cog and joint his valour moved,  
The thing possessed was man as well as bird)  
Who pierced his bowels with a fiery bolt.  
The Monster writhed in self-engendered flames  
Which brake forth in the likeness of a rose,  
A rose-white passion in the timeless night,  
A torch of Hell brandished at Heaven's gate,  
A piercing wonder in the million eyes  
Of waking London. At last he dropped,  
A sombre coal of fading crimson fire,  
Into his burial-place, a field defiled.  
And then, but not till then, arose the cry,  
Prolonged, un pitying, a cordite cheer  
Of the old valiant city, stark as Time,  
Which wills not mercy for the merciless.  
Beyond the storied stream a bower of trees  
Caught it and cast it back, through all their leaves  
Thrilled with a vocal joy of vengeance due,  
Paid but in part, which shall be paid in full.

#### THE MAGIC OF THE TROPICS.

By BISHOP FRODSHAM.

THERE is a certain magic in the tropics which bewitches alike the memory of the man who knows them well and the imagination of those who know them only through the mediatory offices of others. These latter—and they are far from being the least well-informed—surround their impressions with an atmosphere sometimes alluring, sometimes horrific. At times they have visions of cerulean skies, of glorious sunlight, of long stretches of golden-yellow sands, upon which the waves break in a glory of green and white, of feathery palms under which the dark-skinned native lives his simple life in idyllic ease. At other times—in their imagination—the jungle echoes with the crack of the rubber factor's whip, and the whole land is full of darkness and cruel habitations. The man with tropical experience is generally contemptuous of such imaginings. He seizes hold of this or that inaccuracy and magnifies it mightily. Yet, in reality, he himself is more under the domination of the tropics than is the stranger to them. He may be, and often is, a generous and enthusiastic friend of the native races; but, to revive a time-honoured jest by Mr. Punch, he is well aware that the black man can be at once "a man and a bother". He is under no misapprehension about the manifold inconveniences of tropical life. Yet when he has left his particular place under the tropical sun he forgets the heat and the flies and the smells and the noise and the fevers and the bad food and the worse water. He is not obsessed



by any joy that he has been born again in London, though at one time he may have yearned for the flesh-pots of Piccadilly. He remembers no more the discomforts of the tropics, because he aches to be back in them again. During the dullest, dreariest month of last winter I found, walking disconsolately down St. James's Street, a friend with whom I had ridden far often in tropical Australia. The light of day for weeks had never been direct, and I was chilled to the bone. My friend was not outwardly sympathetic. He averred, gruffly, that he never wanted "to see the damned sun again". Yet, three months later, he was on his joyous way to the plains, where the sun lords it fiercely by day and the night brings little relief.

Three books that have come my way lately seem to display the magic of the tropics in action. The first deals with drains and mosquitoes and such-like. To the uninitiated the subject of tropical sanitation seems utterly bereft of the glamour of romance. This is not the case. Of course, Dr. Malcolm Watson,\* like others who have had direct responsibility for the health and efficiency of a large force of tropical labourers, has been beset by anxieties and has experienced the worst of all tropical evils for a white man—isolation. But that does not mean that he has never known the glamour of warfare against disease, which makes a medical man come nearer to loving his enemies than any other person in the world. I shall never forget the beaming face of my friend, Dr. Anton Breinl, coming to tell me, one night on my verandah in North Queensland, of the epidemic horrors he had seen and the new diseases he had found upon a certain island which must remain nameless because of the extreme sensitiveness of the white men who live there. It is a point of honour among them to maintain against all comers that there are no tropical diseases in that fortunate island, even though the anophiles mosquito, flying silently, as is his wont, goes about like a lion seeking whom he may devour. The tropical sanitarian supports no such claim. His illusion—it does not appear to be shared by Dr. Malcolm Watson, who, with true Scottish caution, believes in cutting his coat according to his cloth—is concerned with the high importance of making the tropics healthy at all costs. In Panama, the Mecca of the modern sanitarian, no expense is spared. In Malaya, in Hong Kong, and in many places where there has not been yet the "sunset of romance", things are not so. Putting the cost aside, where can be found heroism greater than that shown by the young students who voluntarily shared their mosquito nets with that truculent little scoundrel, the *mosquito stegomyia fatigans*, in order to find out how long he could be the host of the bacillus of yellow fever? I remember well, too, the excitement of Sir Rupert Boyce—may he rest in peace—when he first told me that a certain bishop of a tropical diocese had asked him—even him—to preach "from the pulpit" upon cleanliness being next to godliness. Rupert Boyce's strong soul had almost then worn out its frail tenement; but it would be nonsense to imagine that he would not have given his life three times over rather than not have ridden in the tropics, with yellow jack at his saddle bow.

One of the results of the slave trade was the introduction to America of the yellow fever from the Gold Coast. My second book deals with the Gold Coast.† The author—how much the Empire owes to medical men!—appears in the unexpected rôle of a historian. It is quite easy to see how this came about. Nowhere else in the continent have Europeans and Africans suffered more from mutual ignorance than on the Gold Coast and in Ashanti, while scarcely less important to Imperial colonisation than good hygienic conditions is an accurate knowledge of native races. It is sometimes assumed that this knowledge comes of

nature to the British. As a matter of fact, the Spanish, who are not nearly so proficient in practical colonial administration, are much more sympathetic with the native mind. Those who think otherwise will find Dr. Claridge's account of the century-old quarrel between ourselves and the Ashantis disturbing reading. If, however, a sounder knowledge, based upon much real scientific humility, is now general, credit must be given to men like Dr. Claridge. If he appears unduly enthusiastic, not only of the capable Ashanti, but of the physically cautious Fanti, he is at least one who has tried to look at things through African eyes, and he has the courage of his consequent opinions. He realises, for instance, that "the dragging across the face of any primitive country of the Jagannath-car in which is borne aloft the great idol we name Pax Britannica"—these are Sir Hugh Clifford's picturesque words—"entails the demolition of many romantic things". Life to an Ashanti who spent a goodly part of his time in ravaging his neighbours' homestead and taking other people's lives and enslaving their children and womenkind must have seemed dreadfully drab when the English took Kumasi and captured the golden stool in which resided the sovereign power of the land.

Then Sir Matthew Nathan, in a Parliamentary Paper now fifteen years old, voiced inimitably native disgust at the British. But—and here is another aspect of the magic of the tropics—those who saw, in 1874, the Great Death Drum, "decorated with human skulls and thigh bones", and the Death Grove, "into which bodies of the victims of human sacrifices were thrown", and the ancestral stools upon which human blood stood in "great thick clots" and from which "dense clouds of flies rose when anyone approached", now watch the children playing and singing in the cocoa gardens. Truly the tropics possess vivid contrasts of lights and shadows of social life!

Is it possible to take such a comprehensive outlook upon the world in relation to human life that thereby may be made possible "the science of corporate living upon the earth"? There is no antecedent improbability to make a negative answer imperative. When the new science with its uninviting title comes, what a happy hunting ground it will be for theorists! How indignant they will be with poor, irrepressible human nature, which refuses to be true to tabulation! The science has not come yet, for which we all may be truly thankful.

One writer has attempted to make a conspectus of all the tropics, "their natural products, scenery, inhabitants, and industries". To this he has added an excursus upon the possibility of their future development.‡ The result is an interesting volume; but, let me confess it, I was most interested in reading of the tropics I had not seen. When it came to reading of parts I knew the evidence, both in detail and in application, became far less satisfying. In point of example, Mr. Enoch states that the Kanakas are a race that inhabits New Caledonia. The derivation and exact meaning of the term Kanaka are not easy to define; but the South Sea Islanders themselves regard it as one of abuse. To them it is highly offensive, although it does not stir the same fierce anger as the epithet "Pat" does in the Cantonese coolies in North Queensland. John has no antipathy to the assumption that he is Irish. But the word "Pat" has a sonal similarity to a disgusting Chinese word which Kanaka is said to resemble. All South Sea Islanders are vulgarly called Kanakas; but one thing is clear—there is no race of Kanaka, either in Noumía or anywhere else. This digression does not mean to imply that Mr. Enoch has failed to write a valuable book. He has felt the magic of the tropics, even though he likes to regard them as a vast storehouse of commodities which may be engaged when "the mood shall come upon the world faithfully and with method to set its house in order".

\* "Rural Sanitation in the Tropics." By Dr. M. Watson. Murray. 12s. net.

† "A History of the Gold Coast and Ashanti." By Dr. Walton Claridge. With an Introduction by Sir Hugh Clifford. Murray. 2 vols. 36s. net.

‡ "The Tropics." By C. R. Enoch. Grant Richards. 16s. net.

## HOW FOOT PASSENGERS CROSS THE ROAD.

BY WALTER WINANS.

IT is extraordinary how few people get run over, considering how seldom they cross the road in such a way as to give the drivers of horses and motor vehicles a chance. If every foot passenger knew the rules of the road, the task of drivers would be much easier; but most foot passengers never watch the traffic coming down the near side of the street when starting to cross a road, and when past the refuge watch the traffic coming the reverse way. They saunter across, they expect all drivers to give way to them (I have actually seen a man in glasses reading a paper as he crossed a very dangerous road), or they expect vehicles to come on to them from all sides at once, ignorant of the fact that there is a system in street traffic.

The foot passengers can be classed in several categories, each of which has its distinct characteristics. By studying these characteristics a driver can more easily be prepared to act for the passengers' safety.

"The Stepper off the Pavement." This class consists chiefly of women.

They either step off without the least warning, in front of the driver, or they walk across the pavement looking to their left, which is away from the oncoming traffic (I am referring to the rules of the road in England). Just as they are stepping off the pavement they catch sight of a vehicle almost on them, and step back with a jerk, frowning at the driver. People wearing glasses are very apt to do this, and they never learn by experience, but look *after* stepping.

Those walking across the pavement can be easily avoided, as it is evident they mean to cross; but those who suddenly turn and start to cross when walking along the edge of the pavement are the people who so often get run over. A somewhat similar class consists of the boys, who either push another boy off the pavement in front of a vehicle or suddenly run backwards into the road to avoid another boy hitting at them.

A very dangerous class are the "Hen Headed"—the people who, when they see a vehicle, first try to rush in front, then rush back, and keep on dodging every time you try to pass them, instead of standing still. Most of the people killed by traffic are the "hen headed".

Another class who are very annoying are the "Runners". I mean people who think safety lies in crossing in front of traffic instead of passing behind a vehicle. You are, for instance, coming round a turn to the left in a broad street, keeping well to your proper side, i.e., your left-hand kerb. Someone—generally a stout or aged person to whom running is an exertion—is starting slowly to cross the street from your right-hand kerb. If he keeps on at the same speed he will pass behind you, but he will have none of this; as soon as he realises that he will have to pass behind you he starts at a shambling run and runs panting across you, and by a supreme effort scrambles on to the pavement; just as when one sheep crosses you the rest of the flock are determined to cross also.

If people would only stand still or pass behind, instead of rushing across in front of vehicles!

Another class are the "Talkers", who stand in groups talking in the roadway instead of on the pavement; they always choose just the spot where vehicular traffic sweeps round the corner; they belong to the same class as the "trippers" who walk in the middle of the road or on the wrong side of it when there is plenty of pavement; but they like to show that "the foot passengers have as much right to the road as the vehicular".

I cannot see what the pleasure is in walking in the road and having to look out every moment not to be killed, when the pavement makes walking safe.

The most annoying type is that of the man who will purposely slow down when crossing in front of

a driver; he deliberately forces the driver to stop. With a motor-car this does not so much matter, but nothing upsets a horse's temper, balance, and mouth so much as having to jerk him about, and he can also step on his heels and lame himself.

There is a type of bicyclist who is also a great danger to himself and annoyance to drivers. This is "the wobbler". He rides very slowly, with one or both hands in his pockets. He keeps a serpentine course, wobbling over the road. Each time he wobbles to the right he looks back over his right shoulder and vice versa. Although it is difficult to know which side to pass him, it would appear there is no danger of running over him, for at each swerve he looks back at the driver of the vehicle behind him. But, curiously enough, when he is doing this wobble he is as deaf and blind as a "calling" capercailzie. He looks straight in your face and wobbles right under your horse's feet, for he cannot see or hear you.

I know a guard on a coach who put his horn to the cyclist's ear and blew his top note. The cyclist did hear that time.

The worst type of all is the drunken man who staggers towards you and wants to embrace your horse round the neck; the only thing then to do is to stand still.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE PENSIONS MUDDLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The Pensions muddle—for muddle and delay there is, growing greater as our wounded increase—can only be solved by the creation of a complete Pensions Department, where a Pension Minister, having all the departments under one roof, would deal with a soldier's case from start to finish. Why this has not already been done it would, I think, pass the wit of any of our statesmen to explain.

In theory, the present circumlocution system is supposed to cover the ground. But what a waste of effort is involved, apart from needless expense to the State, and, with it all, delay is inevitable, and suffering and misery to our heroes certain!

A soldier is discharged as disabled. His pay ceases at once, and in theory he is at once entitled to a pension in accordance with what is known as the "flat-rate" scheme, with such supplementary allowance as the Statutory Committee see fit to award. But before the man can get compensation for the injury incurred in the defence of his country his papers must go to the Regimental Records Office; from there they must be sent to the Chelsea Commissioners at Greenwich, and then, his pension having been assessed, the papers must be sent to the Central Pensions Issue Office in Baker Street, when payment is authorised. If a supplementary allowance is desired, the papers must go on a further visit to the Statutory Committee in Abingdon Street.

The result of all this circumlocution is that there are hundreds of cases where disabled men and their families have been left six, eight, and ten weeks without a farthing to live on. Time, of infinite importance to the penniless soldier, is wasted wholesale in the mere communication between the various Boards.

A single department at a central address would save all this—a single authority, by the obliteration of unnecessary officials, would save the country a great deal of money—and, incidentally, if it were properly organised, provide an object lesson in efficiency and despatch.

The Government are not unconscious of the delay which arises under the present want of system. They provide for it, of course in the most costly way, by what are called "temporary allowances"—20s. a week for married and 10s. a week for single men. But up till this week even these "temporary allowances" were not granted until a soldier's papers had reached the Issue Office! This has now been altered by the notice to medical officers to notify their decision when a man



is discharged not only to the Records Office, but to the Chelsea Commissioners and the Issue Office as well. But no patching of the present arrangement will prevent congestion and delay. These are inevitable wherever four offices, widely apart, are engaged in what ought to be the work of one office under a supreme head.

I have not touched on other vital defects in our present methods: the inhuman manner of arriving at how much less than the "flat rate" the country shall pay the soldier by estimating the earning power of what is left of him; the desire to shirk all responsibility for men who have hopelessly broken down in training; the absence of all real effort to set forth a comprehensive plan for the re-education of the injured soldier who is unable to follow his pre-war trade; the want of provision for the proper training and education of dead or disabled officers' children! These are matters of supreme importance.

But the first thing to aim at is the creation of a complete and efficient machine, and then, through the Press and the House of Commons, to knock sense and humanity into the men who run it.

Yours, etc.,  
KENNEDY JONES.

### THE MILITARY FUNERAL FOR THE ZEPPELIN CREW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,

September 1916.

SIR,—It is certain that the according of a military funeral to the remains of the crew of the Zeppelin L 21 has aroused a widespread feeling in the country. On the first announcement of such funeral rites I felt somewhat staggered, but when I read that they had been ordered by the military authorities and approved of by our own heroic Royal Flying Corps, I felt sure that there was real good reason for their decision. People urge that these men are not soldiers, but murderers, as which they have been denounced by the Prime Minister himself: that if they had not been stopped in their murderous career and sent to their doom by Lieutenant Robinson—who richly deserves his Victoria Cross—we should have had scores of our women and children murdered. They argue that such acts of chivalry only excite the derision of our enemies, who regard them as signs of imbecility, and what, according to Bethmann-Hollweg, the Germans have cast aside long since—sentimentality. We need pay no attention to what the Germans say: they are apostles and exponents of cruelty and brute force. We are not.

Again, these men were but obeying the commands of the All Highest, whom they had sworn to obey. They thought they were doing right and good service to their King and country, and it must be remembered that the Kaiser has killed the soul of Germany, and that, morally and mentally, Germans have become a degraded people, unfit to be admitted to the comity of nations. The men that we and our Allies must remorselessly punish are the Kaiser and his military and naval swashbucklers, and there can be no sure and stable peace till the Hohenzollerns are exterminated or banished for ever from the Germany that they have made by craft, cunning, and cruelty, and which they have now destroyed in their attempt to enslave the world.

The attitude that the Royal Flying Corps has taken up in this matter has but increased the intense admiration which one feels for their bravery and generous chivalry. One can well understand the indignation of people against those who come over to slaughter—this indignation is perfectly natural. But I feel sure that calm reflection will show that the military authorities acted with perfect propriety in the matter and in a way that we shall never regret.

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED E. TURNER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am at a loss to understand the recent military funeral given to the charred remains of the German brutes who formed the crew of the Zeppelin brought down at Cuffley. A military funeral is a sign of respect and honour. Do we respect and honour men whose deeds have been regarded with loathing by the whole civilised world for the last eighteen months or so? It is the first I have heard of it. The German Zeppelins are universally recognised as the pirates of the air. Is it usual to give military funerals to pirates? Should we have given military funerals to the crews of the submarines that sank the "Lusitania" and the "Falaba" if those submarines had been caught and destroyed?

The whole thing puzzles me. If I could see any useful object in it I would not say a word. But there is none. This foolishly chivalrous action will merely go to swell that colossal German conceit which has done more to bring about and keep going the present war than all the diabolical machinations of the Kaiser.

Yours faithfully,  
C. A.

### THE MENACE OF THE SCOUTING ZEPPELIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 August 1916.

SIR,—The urgency of the need for an ample supply of powerful and rapid airships for the use of the Navy becomes more and more apparent. Until we have them in sufficient numbers to intercept and drive in the scouting Zeppelins of the enemy before the latter can acquire information, a handicap is being imposed upon our naval forces which may yet lead to serious consequences.

There has been a great deal of nonsense written about the "blindness" of the German Navy consequent on its heavy losses in light cruisers. All such argument overlooks the incontrovertible fact that, given Zeppelin weather, the smartest scouting cruiser ever designed is a purblind bungler compared with the great dirigibles which the enemy now handles with such certainty and efficiency. It overlooks, too, the even more important fact that, owing to his land-locked position, we are powerless as yet to bring the enemy to action. The initiative still rests with him, and he may be trusted to await the most favourable weather conditions before adventuring on any considerable naval enterprise. Such being the case, all we can hope for, so long as the enemy's dirigibles hold the field, is that some sudden change in weather conditions may occasionally cause an action planned by the enemy in Zeppelin weather to be fought out when his scouts are useless, and we can bring up reinforcements unseen. This seems to have been exactly what happened in the Jutland fight, where von Scheer, warned presumably of Jellicoe's relative position by the two Zeppelins seen off Jutland on the early morning of 31 May, and not having calculated on the record-breaking speed at which the British Battle Fleet approached, was betrayed into its presence by the low visibility which made his Zeppelins useless in the afternoon. Had the visibility of the morning held, the chances are that it would have been an affair of battle-cruisers only.

If this diagnosis is sound, the low visibility which hampered our gunners on 31 May was really the cause of their having found themselves within range of the main High Seas Fleet at all. In other words, the ideal gunnery conditions which our men covet are precisely those which enable the enemy to avoid being taken at disadvantage so long as his Zeppelin scouts are more numerous and powerful than our own.

The continuance of such a handicap is unthinkable; and the recent appearance of British dirigibles of the rigid type is the best of omens. There must be no slackening, however, in the work of producing and manning these giant aircraft until in this, as in all other departments of warfare, we are confident that we have mastered the enemy at his own game. How tenaciously he will fight for the retention of supremacy in a field which he has made espe-

cially his own, and with a weapon from which he has expected so much, is as self-evident as is the absolute necessity of our wresting that supremacy from him. Our Navy, preponderant though it is, cannot be safeguarded against occasional surprises—quite possibly serious surprises—in any other way.

Yours faithfully,

REALIST.

#### PUNISHMENT DUE TO THE GERMANS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

35, Roeland Street,  
Cape Town,

10 August.

SIR,—By the murder of Captain Fryatt the Kaiser has only fastened the noose more securely round his own neck, for as he will probably be too cowardly to imitate the example of his prototype and hang himself, we shall have to do it for him. He has waited sixteen months to wreak his vengeance on a brave man who had the audacity to try to save his passengers and his steamer from the illegal and inhuman attack of a submarine by doing what he had every right to do, trying to destroy his attacker; and now he has been brutally murdered by the same imperial assassin that, to his eternal shame, shot a brave woman for acting as so many other brave women have acted in other ages and other countries, but who have had the good fortune to fall into the hands of a gallant civilised enemy, instead of a decivilised blackguard. With this fact in view the Kaiser can scarcely complain if the Allies, after waiting their opportunity for two or three years, inflict on him and his chief Ministers the richly-deserved penalty for all their unspeakable brutalities and offences against humanity.

The danger, of course, is lest they, knowing that their fate is certain, should grow desperate and, realising that they can be hanged only once, should proceed to further atrocities, hoping thereby to inspire terror in their foes. This could, however, be guarded against, I think, by letting it be known that, although the chief delinquents could not escape the death penalty, yet their subordinates might get off with a term of imprisonment, such term to depend for its length entirely on the number of atrocities committed in which they might be concerned. This, in view of the now almost certain victory of the Allies, might have the effect of keeping many of these subordinates from carrying out the orders of their inhuman superiors. As for Zeppelin raids, which seem to be increasing again, I should like to see a warning issued to the Huns that for every civilian life taken in all such raids so many square yards of Berlin would be razed to the ground after the war, selecting especially the property of the Kaiser and of all those responsible who might be landlords. This might tend to make them more careful as to indiscriminate bomb dropping.

The thought of all the brutal deeds committed by the Huns against God and man should steel our hearts to continue this contest, however long it may be, until we have them entirely at our mercy, and can make of them such an example as shall for all future ages deter any other nation from using them as a precedent in warfare. This we owe to posterity, for inevitably, if we let these criminals off without punishment, by a premature and worthless peace, their evil example in breaking all treaties and conventions will be likely to tempt others to do the same in years to come, arguing that they will escape as did the Huns. The paramount question after the war must be the re-establishing international law on a firm basis, and the safeguarding mankind from the rapacious lust and godless violence of a devil-possessed foe. Besides, outraged humanity and civilisation, not to mention Christianity, cry aloud for vengeance, not vindictive, but righteous, on the crowned robber and his gang who have dared to set themselves up above all laws; and if we give in now, when victory is within reach, we shall certainly show ourselves unworthy of upholding the standard of liberty. As God used the Israelites of old to destroy the utterly depraved Canaanite nations, so does He look to England and her Allies to punish that nation which has

reverted to paganism, and whose head, while blasphemously invoking the Deity, and with rank hypocrisy appealing to Christ, shows himself a true child of the Devil. Germany has risked everything on a policy of terror and brutality, thinking she was strong enough to do this safely. She has failed. It is our turn now, and we should be eternally disgraced if we did not make her pay to the last farthing for her awful presumption in defying God and man by murdering, ravaging, and torturing thousands of absolutely innocent victims.

There are some, to me, entirely incomprehensible individuals, whose parrot-cry is to make peace and to admit the Germans into our society again, as if they were only ordinary foes, conquered but not disgraced. I do not see things in this light, nor, I believe, do the great majority of thoughtful men and women. We drew the sword in a cause of which we are not ashamed. We have wielded it in a manner worthy of that cause. Let us not sheathe it till we have accomplished that cause, and have for centuries freed the world from the horrors of slavery to a damnable nation whose boasted Kultur has shown itself in its true light as an instrument of Satan, and not of God.

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE B. BLATHWAYT.

#### WAR SLANG.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sunderland, 5 September 1916.

SIR,—The writer of the article entitled "War Slang" in your Saturday number refers to the name which the French soldiers give to their bayonet, "Rosalie". The derivation of this may interest your readers. The bayonet was first made at Bayonne, of which town St. Rosalie is the patron saint. The French soldier poet, Theodore Botrel, has sung the charms of Rosalie:

"She is joyful, she is dancing,

When the columns are advancing",

in his latest book of verse, which has been charmingly translated by Miss Winifred Byers, under the title "Songs of Botrel", published by Holden and Hardingham, Ltd.

Yours, etc.,

A. BERESFORD-HORSLEY (Lieut.).

#### "THE BROOK KERITH."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The idea that Christ had only fainted and afterwards revived, as represented in Mr. G. Moore's novel, "The Brook Kerith", is by no means new. The late Professor Huxley, in one of his controversies—I think with Dr. Magee when Bishop of Peterborough—advanced the theory of suspended animation and revival in the cold tomb in Joseph of Arimathea's garden.

But, as the then Duke of Argyll—also a protagonist of Professor Huxley's—once pointed out, Professor Huxley would play false to his own intelligence when it suited his purpose, in order to appear to score in an argument, by ignoring facts or putting an inferential construction upon them contrary to their most obvious illative significance. In this instance, in regard to Christ's death and resurrection, for example, he not only ignored the spear thrust in the side, to which doctors attribute the death of Christ, but he calculated the amount of nervous exhaustion likely to result from the pain of suspension on nails through hands and feet in a Nazarene peasant, implying that Christ was a rustic of coarse organisation and low level of nervous and conscious sensibility. The loss of blood from hands and feet would, he said, be very insignificant.

Such an inference is totally opposed to the characteristics displayed by Christ. Bullet-headed, stolid peasants do not weep over a morally self-doomed city, nor at the grave of a friend. They do not use such expressions as "Suffer the little children to come unto me", and being psychologically almost negatives, they would not have power to inspire in others the faith, reverence, and religious sympathy and moral attachment which Christ did in his disciples and



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others. Every incident and utterance marks Him out as a man of the most exquisite refinement of feeling and conscious apprehension. Decker describes Him as—

"The best of men  
That e'er wore earth about Him was a sufferer;  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;  
The first true gentleman that ever breathed".

Hazlitt said of those lines that they "ought to embalm His memory to everyone who has a sense either of religion, or philosophy, or humanity, or true genius".

Who, for instance, ever heard a yokel apostrophise flowers as Christ did when He said: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow", etc.? Or, in the agonised anticipation of crucifixion, say: "I have a baptism to be baptised with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!"

One salient fact which all who advance the theory of revival from suspended animation overlook is that no man, whatever his temperament, who had hung on nails through his feet for three hours would, the next day but one, be able even to hobble, much less walk normally, as Christ is described as doing.

As to Mr. Moore's description of Christ Himself, with His "thin scannel throat and prominent nose and chin", I once heard the late Dean of Bristol, Dr. Pigou, quote a description of Him said to have been sent by Pilate to a friend: "There appeared about this time in the province of Galilee a religious zealot, etc. His stature was tall; his face expressed mingled kindness and firmness; his nose by no means defective; his eyes blue, and of great brilliancy." As to the apostles, at whom Mr. Moore "pokes mild fun", if, with the exception of Judas, they had not been men of true moral intuition and esoteric insight, they would not have been attracted towards such a supermundane type of man as Christ. Even St. Thomas, the hard-headed doubter, was right at heart—i.e., genuine in his attachment and affection for his Master—for it was he who, when Christ persisted in going up to Jerusalem, though His disciples reminded Him that "the Jews of late sought to kill thee", etc., exclaimed: "Let us also go up, that we may die with Him!" Wendell Holmes said that when weighing a good heart against a great intellect, he felt he was balancing a wedge of gold against a feather.

So far from scientific advancement superseding all need of miracles, it demonstrates more and more that what has been regarded as the miraculous is but further advancement into the illimitable possibilities of conscious truth. It is those who arrogate capacity to fix such limit who perpetrate absurdity.

I am, Sir, yours truly,  
MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

#### EVOLUTION AND WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

50, Albemarle Street, W.,

6 September 1916.

SIR,—I have read with interest Dr. Walter Kidd's letter on "Biological Necessity" in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 2 September. I wonder if he has seen Dr. Chalmers Mitchell's book on "Evolution and the War", which deals with this very subject. If not, I think he will find in it a very interesting exposition of his views.

Yours faithfully,  
JOHN MURRAY.

#### "I DON'T THINK."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to the historic interest of the phrase "I don't think", the point to which I ventured to invite the attention of your correspondent is that when Coriolanus proposed a question in one sense, and immediately answered it himself in the contrary sense with "I do not think", he used a mildly ironical expression which is commonly supposed to be modern.

I wrote not so much to play schoolmaster to your correspondent, as with the hope of catching the eye of the

contributor of one of your perennially charming middle articles who some weeks ago jestingly surmised that this particular ironical expression might be found in the flotsam and jetsam of the Shakespeare ocean.

Is your correspondent able, as his second letter implies, to realise a negative affirmation, and to define a question that possesses only a negative component? I do not think.

Your obedient servant,  
A. ALCOCK.

#### "DECIMATED."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I do not know mathematics; I have not even taught it, or them; but it seems to me, pedantically speaking, that your Note of last week concerning an army ten times decimated will not do. Such an army loses in the first instance 1-10th of its men, but in the next a lesser fraction, and so on, in a descending scale, leaving much of the force alive. But when I did get on I found myself dealing with fractions of men. I always knew that fractions were vulgar; I now perceive that they are contemptible, and even inhuman. I must leave to barbarians the task of dividing human creatures into tenths, though something might, perhaps, be done by a humane commander who kept a regular proportion of tailors for that purpose.

But another point occurred to me when I read your remark. In practice, I believe, the deficiencies in an effective force are filled up as they occur. If this is so, by the time it has been ten times decimated, it has lost a sum of men equal to its original number. Like the Irishman's coat, it has patches equal in amount to the whole of the original material.

In any case, according to such inferior calculations as I have been able to make, an army ten times decimated would have lost at the end of that process rather more than thirteen out of every twenty men, and so would cease to exist as an effective force.

I should have been surprised long since at the beautiful symmetry of numbers revealed by various lists of prisoners if anything could astonish me nowadays. But nothing does.

Yours indifferently,  
HIPPOCLIDES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

York,

5 September 1916.

SIR,—One of the "Notes of the Week" published in your issue of 2 September begins as follows:—"We hope it may not be pedantic to remark that where an Army Corps or Army has been ten times decimated it ceases to exist". This statement may or may not be "pedantic". It is certainly incorrect. As a matter of fact, if an Army of 100,000 soldiers is decimated ten times and fractions are excluded, which in the case of men is surely permissible, no less than 34,870 of them will survive. A very elementary sum in arithmetic will prove this to be the case, the explanation being, that the original body can only be decimated *once*; after this has occurred every subsequent decimation becomes a constantly diminishing factor. The mistake made in your columns is a very common one, but it should not be confirmed by such an excellent and carefully-edited journal as the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Your obedient servant,  
COUNTY DIRECTOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Embarkation Staff,

Royal Mail Buildings, Southampton,

3 September 1916.

SIR,—I hope it may not be pedantic to remark that if an army of 10,000 millions was decimated ten times, there would be left 3,486,784,401—i.e., nine raised to its tenth power.

Yours faithfully,  
H. NEWTON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—No one can call it "pedantic to remark that when an army corps or an army has been ten times 'decimated' it ceases to exist," but the remark is certainly inaccurate. The survivors after the tenth decimation would be nearly thirty-five per cent. of the original strength; for, as the army diminished in numbers, so also does its tenth part.

Yours faithfully,

W. M. MADDEN.

### "BOCHE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarborough,

3 September 1916.

SIR,—I think Mr. Bertrand Shadwell misses the point. "Boche" is not considered as a surname. The Hollanders, Belgians, and French constantly called the Germans (much disliked) "Boche" long before the war, and if any of their own countrymen do anything they think contemptible they say: "Like a Boche."

Yours, etc., E. W.

### THE DECAY OF FAITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Colchester,

1 September 1916.

SIR,—Before you impose your Editorial closure on the "Decay of Faith" discussion and à propos an immediate (or, can we say, recent?) flurry in matters ecclesiastical, I feel impelled to transcribe an extract from an article in "Harper's Magazine" that much cheered me, since it was in no "church" publication, and, I feel sure, will interest many of your readers.

The article, strangely enough, is a sketch of New York's "Latin Quarter", whereby, surely, it compels the more attention. After leading us up to a realisation of the commanding effect of Morningside Heights, and its physical domination by the magnificent pile of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the writer proceeds to the following appreciative contemplation of its spiritual and social predominance: "It seems to me, St. John's, in its slow rise, should be a real and visible comfort to a great many people who read newspaper and magazine articles about 'What is wrong with the Church?'. If the editorial writers are right (and it cannot be that they are not), then the churches are already empty; soon they will be in ruins! How, then, in the imminent dissolution of Christianity and the substitution of social welfare, in view of the disappearance of the churches and their replacement by cinemas, can sober, successful business men like the trustees of St. John's be engaged in so speculative a scheme as putting up a Cathedral that it may take 50 years to finish? Can it be that, after all, when it is finished, the market for it—the demand—will not be dead? That, apparently, is the presumption on which the trustees are acting, and being who and what they are in business—a Morgan, a Belmont, and the like—perhaps there is something in it, after all, in what they believe! Perhaps, in spite of those editorials, this recognisable world, with its institutionalism, is not crumbling as fast as the newspapers say. And perhaps the very business of building a huge cathedral helps to stay the process of decay. Anyhow, here on Morningside Heights is the concrete fact, in which timid conservatives may take comfort, surely. But it is all very complex, and perhaps beyond the grasp and scope of a mere impressionist."

This is what so consoled me, and surely the fact of this appearing in a secular magazine such as "Harper's", and exactly now, is a cheering sign for us all.

Yours, etc.,

ANGLO-AMERICAN.

### PEACE TERMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London,

1 September 1916.

SIR,—As it is absolutely necessary some arrangements should be made long beforehand with our Allies in regard

to peace terms, would it not be well if some of the facts and possibilities of obtaining large indemnities—so ably set forth in "The Reckoning", in the August "Nineteenth Century and After"—were extensively referred to in the daily and weekly papers, so that the general public, as well as all our leading men, may be freely enlightened as to the resources and estimated wealth of Germany and Austria, which for the former was estimated in 1913 by Dr. Helfferich at £16,500,000,000; the latter, by Professor Fallner, at £5,600,000,000; total, £22,100,000,000?

The author of the article also emphasises wisely the necessity for the war claims of all the Allies to be pooled and presented as one by the Allies, as he says to present separate claims would be a great mistake, and open the door to the Central Powers to make preferential settlements, which might tend to disturb the union of the Allies.

Of course, it may be many months before the end, and yet it would not be unreasonable to calculate on the possibility of its coming suddenly. In any event, it is not too soon to enlighten the masses as to potentialities, and so to some extent minimise the danger of easy terms being made that would not be satisfactory either to our Allies or ourselves.

Could not the King appoint a Council of State to rule the nation and arrange the terms with our Allies, and meanwhile Parliament be dissolved pending general re-construction?

The country at large is absolutely weary of the present Government, the majority of whom, if justice was done, deserve punishment for having virtually betrayed their trust and failed to prepare for the storm of 1914, which they knew was coming in 1912, to say nothing of the many muddles and blunders since.

Thank God, France and Russia and Italy will not be inclined to let Germany off too easily; the former will never forget that in 1871 Germany made them pay three times the cost of the war, as well as the valuable provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

Our public need reminding often.

Yours faithfully,

A. C. R.

### NOTIFICATION AND DISEASE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases,  
Kingsway House, Kingsway, W.C.,

5 September 1916.

SIR,—As some misunderstanding seems to have arisen in regard to the attitude of the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases towards the question of compulsory notification of venereal disease, we desire to point out that we are determined to adhere strictly to the recommendations of the Royal Commission. That body carefully considered this question and arrived at the conclusion that notification at the present time was impracticable and might be detrimental to the operation of the measures it advocated.

A great mass of evidence was taken, and the balance was strongly opposed to compulsory methods of this nature. The Commissioners, however, recognised that, when public opinion became more enlightened, and adequate facilities for treatment had been provided, "the question of notification should then be further considered". They added that, when these conditions have been fulfilled it is "possible that . . . notification in some form will be demanded".

We are convinced that this view is sound, and the National Council will, therefore, lend no support to any proposals having for their object the establishment of compulsory notification—proposals which would necessarily lead to controversy at a time when unanimity of effort is essential.

Yours obediently,

SYDENHAM,

President.

THOMAS BARLOW,

HUBERT M. SOUTHWARK,

Vice-Presidents.



## REVIEWS.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

**A Diary of the Great Warr.** By Samuel Pepys, junr. Illustrated by M. Watson-Williams. Lane. 5s. net.

THE appearance of a Diary of the War written after the style and manner of Pepys reminds us of the extraordinary vitality and interest of that fascinating character. He has special claims on us to-day as one of the makers of our Navy. An admirable and devoted servant of the public interest in war-time, he was one of the rare officials who, under the slack rule of Charles II., were entirely competent and industrious. He was more, for he delighted in his work; he collected models of ships, and might, if his eyesight had not failed, have produced an invaluable history of the Navy. He took bribes, indeed, as everybody did in his time, but he secured the best contracts, and, as Surveyor-General of the Victualling Department, he was entitled to be astonished at his own moderation. He had courage and initiative. He did not leave his office in London during the Plague, and he saw to the destruction of houses by men from the dockyards to check the Great Fire. He defended his own department and the principal officers of the Navy before the bar of the House of Commons in a three hours' speech which stayed all the subtle attacks of intrigue. Twice imprisoned for treason, he survived for a comfortable period of retired leisure. Yet this amazing man, when he began his work for the Navy, had no special knowledge of finance or business, and throughout his life he was a resolute man of pleasure as well. His steady but somewhat solemn friend Evelyn, on his death described him as "a very worthy, industrious, and curious person", and one who was "universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skill'd in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation". We have put this serious side of Pepys first because it is apt to be forgotten in the gay revelations of his "Diary". Yet it is consistent with his character. The leading note of his career is his immense gusto of life, alike in great things and small, his equal zest for business and frivolities, love-making and reading, music and the drama, eating and drinking and physical science. For two years he was President of the newly formed Royal Society. He is as vastly pleased over an experiment in his own house with fluids and the coruscations produced thereby as he is over a fine moon or a dinner with a rope-dancer. Always a boy in spirit and merriment, he is happy in recalling old school days. A child only could be so frank as he is when he sits down to pen in shorthand which is a miracle of neatness all that he has seen, felt, heard, and done during the day. In his gusto and his industry he is nearer Boswell than anyone we can think of. But he is no fool and no parasite, and he keeps his dignity. His amours are confided only to his Diary, and he has a sound judgment of men and things.

Mark Twain notes concerning writings intended only for posthumous publication:—"I am writing from the grave. On these terms only can a man be approximately frank. He cannot be straitly and unqualifiedly frank either in the grave or out of it."

Such was the frankness of Pepys. He lived to 70, but ended his Diary in 1669, though Mr. D'Arcy Power has shown that with the right sort of spectacles he might have secured the eyesight to carry it on. It was on the verge of being discovered in 1728, but its publication did not take place till 1825, and then scarce half of it was printed. The edition of 1893-9, under the excellent care of Dr. Wheatley, is practically complete, but a few passages are still wanting, being beyond decency. Pepys went further than Rousseau. What a wonderful record of the time it is, touching on one side the serious interest of Evelyn's Diary, and on the other the perpetual dose of scandal concerning the Court of Charles II. in the Memoirs of Grammont! The six volumes, bound in calf, repose

in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge. They bear, as their book-loving author directed, his arms and crest, and the whole collection of books may by his will go to Trinity, if his strict injunctions concerning it are not carried out. How Lowell could call such a man a Philistine passes belief. Pepys did not usually appreciate Shakespeare on the stage. "A Midsummer Night's Dream", which he thought "the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life", was, as Scott hints, "the sort of wild fanciful work betwixt heaven and earth, which men of solid parts do not estimate"—but he learnt "To Be or Not To Be" by heart, and had it set to music. He was exceedingly pleased with Cicero's Second Oration against Catiline, and he spent £4 ros. on a Greek Lexicon which he gave to his old school. He read "L'Escholle des Filles" and burnt it as not a creditable book to keep, "but what do no wrong once to read for information sake". He read also Fuller's "Holy War" on a Sunday when he tried "to make a song in the praise of a libellous genius (as I take my own to be) to all studies and pleasures". He was a great collector of black-letter ballads, he played several instruments, and was himself a musical composer. He played the fool discreetly and was particularly fond of children as well as pretty women. Valentine's Day found him always in great form, presenting green silk stockings, the fashion of the highest circles, or some other gift to the fair. A scapegrace, he lectured himself with Epictetus, and suffered from a conscience which made him confess what the whole world conceals. He was generous—with an eye, however, usually, to effect—and somewhat stingy to his wife, though he delighted in her clothes as well as his own. He calls her a "poor wretch", using the term in a fond way, as Shakespeare does, but doubtless she felt so in the modern sense when he gave her a black eye for not keeping the servants in order. The whole scene went down in his Diary, like the "head akeing all day from last night's debauch", and his omission of Evening Prayers when he was too foxed with drink to read with propriety.

He was a regular church-goer, though a "lazy" sermon sometimes sent him to sleep, and he gave high-placed people excellent advice concerning their neglect of duty. In 1660 he notes that the Vice-Admiral is "as officious, poor man, as any spaniel can be; but I believe all to no purpose". Five years later he is examining two naval captains about their "running from two Dutchmen", which is "a most fowle unhandsome thing as ever was heard". He is not unduly elated, as Boswell would have been, when he discovers that Charles II. knows him personally. He contents himself with the wise reflection that on a summons to Whitehall "hereafter I must not go thither, but with expectation to be questioned, and to be ready to give good answers".

Pepys had a pretty shrewd idea of the follies and capabilities of King Charles. But we need not dwell on the value of the Diary as history. It is neatly hit off in Macaulay's horrible nightmare, when his niece came to him with a penitential face to confess that she had forged the whole thing.

"I was in the greatest dismay. What! I have been quoting in reviews, and in my history, a forgery of yours as a book of the highest authority. How shall I ever hold up my head again? I woke with the fright, poor Alice's supplicating voice still in my ears."

The Diary lasted for ten years. Mr. Pepys, junr., begins with July 1914 and ends with 31 December 1915. He reproduces very cleverly the style of his great exemplar, showing the same cautious zeal about money and the same interest in little incidents of the day, the bother of servants, the delights of new clothes, and the gossip of the clubs. Rumours and inventors of war patents are neatly satirised, and the writer has more time for good stories than Pepys, who notes merriment and choice conversation without giving details. How far his personal adventures are modified

by his desire to be thoroughly Pepysian it is somewhat difficult to determine. He makes vows of abstinence, indulges in golf and motoring with Sir M. Levison, turns special constable till lumbago intervenes, criticises Gaby Deslys, and buys a pipe for 12s. 6d. His face is, we suppose, pictured in the piquant illustrations. His Diary, which appears weekly in "Truth", is, oddly enough, the only notable thing of the kind we have seen concerning the effects of the war at home. In an age which adores snippets, perhaps the very regularity of the diarist is considered tedious, and the stock performers are those who deal in more or less disguised trade advertisements.

#### SOME ESSAYS IN LITTLE

"Cloud and Silver." By E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 5s. net.

MR. LUCAS belongs to the chatty school of Montaigne; his work is auto-portraiture, and he never plods through self-torment into far-sought and dear-bought phrases and effects. He is pleased with himself when he writes; and the pleasure that he gives to a reader is unusually varied. In this book of essays there are fantasies from "Punch" and gleanings at first-hand from the war, and other adventures in heterogeneity. "The Marne after the Battle" is original. Mr. Lucas declines to regard the German Army as a wilful destroyer of churches. "The churches have suffered very severely, not without reason", he writes. "Sometimes guns were mounted on them; often they were scenes of bloody hand-to-hand conflict; while as coigns of observation their towers were naturally undesired by the invaders. There was therefore ground for their destruction. In many cases also they were as much hit by French as by German shells, notably at Huiron, near Vitry-le-François, which stands, like so many Marne villages, on a high watershed. Huiron church is now just a husk." We fear this is a too genial view of the spirit in which the Germans battered Rheims Cathedral to ruin. That observer in the church spire—what a good friend he has been to the lovely cause of German Kultur!

The Society of Friends has been very busy between Châlons-sur-Marne, Bar-le-Duc, and Vitry-le-François, setting up sheds and doing other charitable work with nails and a hammer. A curé was puzzled by the stalwart young Friends who toiled at shed-building, so he said to Mr. Lucas: "Are all Englishmen carpenters?" Was it kind to show on a French battlefield, among half-dazed peasants, the subtleties of English pacifism?

Mr. Lucas discusses the persistent levity of the British soldier. Day and night there is laughter in British trenches. What is the cause of this mirth, which, like Mercutio, jokes with Death? To a large extent fashion, Mr. Lucas answers, and the fashion comes mainly from the music-halls. Two qualities are essential to success at a British music-hall—sentiment and facetiousness—and these are the qualities that unite "Tipperary" to the incessant fun which now enlivens our fighting men. Mr. Lucas believes that the prime movers in this mode of heartening levity are George Robey and George Graves. It happens, too, that the German quâ German is an object of fun to a great many Englishmen, who think of him as a sausage-eater and a barber, an alien parasite who bleats tearfully about his Fatherland, yet is never quite happy until he substitutes foreign soil for it. But there is another point to be remembered. Banter and jests and jokes have always been popular in England; the present wish to be funny, as a sort of national duty, is not more remarkable than the Victorian habit of punning, or the grim humour of English grave-diggers. We know but little about the humour of Wellington's men, but, if we can trust the traditions to which Charles Lever gave a romantic setting, it was gay as well as reckless, despite the snubbing of a

callous public and the awful horrors that hospital and surgery inflicted upon the wounded. Anæsthetics and perfect nursing have mercifully taken from war great many hideous terrors; and for the first time in English history the soldier is treated with respect and love. Perhaps his light heart owes more to this fact than to any other.

In another essay Mr. Lucas writes of the best stories, the funniest things ever said. One of the most comic remarks of the world sparkled from Sydney Smith when his doctor recommended him to take a walk on an empty stomach. "Whose?" inquired Sydney. Then there is Charles Lamb's reply to the reproach of his India House superior: "You always come late to the office". "Yes, but see how early I leave!" answered Lamb.

Why is it that English fun rarely finds its way into English slang? Mr. Lucas says with truth that our slang is inferior to the American because it shuns ideas and descriptive thought and sarcasm. No American would regard Venice and a pretty girl as equally "topping" or equally "ripping". English slang is a tribute paid by incessant repetition to the sedulous ape in human nature, whereas the American is so full of whimsical observation that it illuminates and synthesises. "In England we should fumble for hours to find a swift description for Sir Oliver Lodge; an American looks at him and says, 'high-brow', and it is done." To be slow-witted in America is to live on a freight train, and therefore behind the rest of the world in speed. English neologisms are usually freight trains delayed in sidings.

#### FRENCH PRIESTS AS FIGHTERS.

"Priests in the Firing Line." By René Gaëll. Translated by H. Hamilton Gibbs and Madame Berton. With eight illustrations. Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

THERE are marked differences of temperament and expression between the French and ourselves, and they are rather emphasised than removed by translation—which improves nothing except a bishop. The eloquence and the fine speeches in this book would be regarded as suspicious by the ignorant Englishman, though, indeed, the whole has an air of absolute sincerity and death and suffering sanctified by faith. It is just this glorious devotion and ever-present patriotism of our Allies that this country needs everywhere to realise, and here the story is epic in its simplicity and fighting strength. We do not like the word "épopée" literally rendered, but its sense is absolutely true. The French "nigger" speaks of France as Andromache did of Hector. A superb lad from Konakry exclaims with a brilliant smile: "France is my father, mother, village, all".

There is much that is painful in the book; it could not be otherwise, since the wounded and the dying are the priest's chief care; but there is more of amazing heroism in the fighting line and the trenches. The Abbé Duroy is the war correspondent who supplies the impressions, the hurried scraps on all sorts of paper we have come to know well, for his old friend, and this Abbé is a Christian musketeer impelled by his duty to excel all in daring and resolution. He wins the scoffers at religion by his heroism. "Gesta Dei per Francos", the phrase comes back to us as we see him returning from a desperate rescue in the open, wounded, indeed, to death after many painful months, but still wondrously saved for more work. He, when others are unwilling, risks his life again to take food to an heroic four who are isolated, but holding back the enemy. He crawls along with a load of food and cartridges. He finds but three able to fire; he takes the place of the fourth, inspiring them with new courage.

Another priest at the point of death is carried to the bed of a dying man, and, while a sister holds up his arm, raises himself by a superhuman effort to give the last rite of absolution, the last words on his own lips.

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"Brigerois added with a sigh:

"And in spite of our good will, we have missed the gathering above."

"But Planteau, who had finished his pipe, deigned to speak in his turn:

"Shut up with that, you silly fool. If we've missed heaven this time, it explains itself. We weren't in the class called up."

### ECONOMICS.

"Economics: an Introduction for the General Reader." By Henry Clay. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

"The Data of Economics." By C. J. Melrose. Expressly designed for the General Reader. The Mitre Press. 7s. 6d.

Both these books are admirable. They have a common object; they are composed with the skill and learning of able teachers; there is an atmosphere about both which is significant of the times—the times when society in its political, social and economic aspects is being changed by the exciting of new aims and ideals. We have here nothing of political economy in the old sense; no more talk of iron laws of economic necessity; it has become really the order of man's own political and social arrangements, which by a new direction of man's own intellectual and moral point of view can be altered, as any other laws of his society can be. If political economy must still remain the "dismal science", it is on account of two purely natural laws, as natural as gravitation or chemical affinity, the law of diminishing returns of the earth's products, the law of the increase of the population which has to live on them. Yet man can control each of them. Man's struggle against them is the real substance of his economic life. His success in production has been enormously great; his further success by increased scientific knowledge has possibilities which it is the most important business of the present day to realise more consciously. His next difficulties are, first to understand the means by which the products are distributed amongst the producers, and secondly to distribute them better, so that poverty may not abound where better distribution could remedy it. This is the mechanism of political economy, which both these books are concerned with, and which they explain with a lucidity and ease for which the general reader has much cause to be grateful. Whether the general reader is as impressed with the importance, for the well-being of himself and his nation, of his understanding these things will be seen by his demand for these and similar books. There are plenty of general readers who are loud in outcries for a different economic system. They will find in both these books a sympathy with them in many respects which is the mark of all economic teaching of the present day. But let them first understand the system under which they in fact live. Let them not ignorantly misunderstand and scorn actual economics as explained, and in many of its principles and effects defended, by these teachers. Let them learn first before they become destroyers of a system they have not yet understood. It is rather strange, however, that both these writers say very little about that population question to which we have referred above. It has been the despair of economists, and it is eminently one of those problems which are not to be solved by any mechanical change of economic system, but by a new moral impulse in the human mind. The population question would remain under individualism or Socialism, or our present mixture of both. One may note usefully a distinction between these two books. Both authors have the same idea as to the reader whom they address. He is the man of ordinary life with the interests and experiences of ordinary life—as Mr. Clay says; the man who is assumed to have no previous knowledge of economics, but desires to read a book on economics, though it is a subject not without some complexity—as Mr. Melrose puts it. The difference of method is this: Mr. Melrose, except incidentally, confines himself to exposition, and does not linger upon the ethical considerations which arise out of the study of our present economic system. Mr. Clay seeks for conclusions applicable to politics and ethics, the working man interest, and he has always in view that test of the economic system, Does it result in the creation of real human wealth, or of what Ruskin called "Illth"?

### ONCE A MONTH.

Apart from an interesting but certainly debatable paper on "Sub-Human Consciousness", by Mr. Norman Pearson, the

whole of the current "Nineteenth Century" discusses matters concerned with the war. The Visconde de Santo Thyrsos supplies "Some Reflections of a Friend of England", which are well worth notice. Father Bernard Vaughan writes strongly about "England's Empty Cradles", and in "The Truth about Lies" Mr. Edwyn Bevan supplies a calm and judicious commentary which is a welcome variant on public clamour. Mr. Hugh Bellot in "War Crimes, Their Prevention and Punishment" considers a burning question of the moment. He deals with the rules proposed by various conventions, which the layman must regard as indefinite or inadequate. Mr. W. S. Weatherley is sensible concerning "Art in Memorials", and Bishop Bury contributes a bright article based on "Recent Experiences in Russia".

Politics and war-writing occupy many pages in the "Fortnightly". "Y" breaks away from routine and studies with ample care the future of Belgium; it is his hope that Luxembourg will become again an integral part of the Belgio Provinces, and that Malmédy, with other districts, will be added to King Albert's territories. Canon Tristram has a thoughtful paper on the sources and lessons of the recent Irish revolt, and Mr. Whelpley is inclined to believe that the President of the United States, as Executive of the greatest neutral country, may invite the nations now at war to declare an armistice and to give their whole attention to the making of peace. "Greece and the War", by Mr. H. Charles Woods, is an excellent paper, and Mrs. Little's account of Salonica could not well be bettered. French patriotism is studied by Miss Winifred Stephens, who sees in it an extension of family sentiment, and who writes almost as eloquently as Madame Duclaux. Two other women writers give distinction to this number, Miss May Bateman studying the eternal drama of pain and war, and Miss Eleanor Hull doing justice to the versatility of Stopford Brooke. "Pour un Chiffon de Papier" is a poem in French by Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, a son of the famous French orator. The five verses are sincere and virile. Sir James Frazer translates them freely and effectively into English.

Among the articles in the "National Review" we notice a vigorous one, "The Need for Mr. Hughes", by A. Wyatt Tilby. We agree without reserve with Mr. Tilby's praise of the Prime Minister of Australia. He is the most forceful and fearless leader in public life to-day; and the progress of our Empire and race will be on the lines he advocates. His oratory, we are confident, springs from conviction—that is why it appeals so surely to the popular ear as well as to intellectual people. Conviction and resolution—without these, eloquence is froth; and we have had too much froth in public speech in this country of late years. Mr. Tilby condemns the Coalition Government, incidentally, with little sparing. But we suggest that he is not quite just in his criticism of the Government, when he leaves out of account one thing that has it done. It did carry, finally, the whole principle and practice of obligatory service; and that has been the best thing done by any Government, weak or strong, for many a long year. Why not acknowledge it freely!

It is quite true the step was too long delayed; but we are bound to say this—the Coalition Government, and, indeed, the Radical Government which preceded it, got little help from their critics as a body. Many—very many—of the speakers and writers who most constantly censured Ministers for all sorts of omissions and blunders gave no real aid to Ministers in this supreme matter. The critics were far too fond of merely saying in regard to this—the chief matter of all—"Let Lord Kitchener decide", or "Leave it to Lord Kitchener". Others said and wrote, "If it is necessary, we must have compulsion"; and so on.

The best articles in "Blackwood" are "The Adventures of Matthew Quirk: A True Narrative of the Peninsular War", and "With the 'Well Brought-Up' on the Land", by Ellen Walshe. Quirk's narrative is certainly a great find. This Scotsman, with his companions, showed incredible resolution and hardihood in escaping twice from the tremendous fort of Bitcha. The trials of the educated woman in the employ of farmers are amusingly depicted, and the article offers a valuable revelation of what is done and expected in such conditions of work. Mr. Whibley in "The Duke of Newcastle" has an eye to other incompetent politicians, and "Musings without Method" is very severe against those "barricaded in office".

In the "Cornhill" for this month a Neutral Diplomat writes on "The Kaiser as his Friends Knew Him", revealing his extraordinary vanity and calm selfishness, and Sir John Wolfe-Barry shows the misconceptions and malice of "A German Business Mind". There are some good war stories, especially one by Mr. Boyd Cable. Mr. A. C. Benson gives sound advice about war memorials, but might have mentioned that Cambridge possesses a master of epigraphy in the Master of Trinity. Miss Rose Bradley has an all too short evocation of the past in "Three Generations", and Sir Herbert Maxwell is pleasantly learned in "Army Uniforms, Past and Present".



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**T**HE desire for a relief once in the week from the crushing materialism of the time, and from intellectual and spiritual starvation, has probably never been so keenly felt before, alike by soldiers on active service and by civilian workers at home; and there was never a greater need than that which exists to-day to revise and correct views and impressions got by hasty and desultory reading during the week.

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